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JULIUS CÆSAR

Act 3. Scene 1.

Antony and the Body of Cæsar.

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THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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JULIUS CÆSAR

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES FROM PLUTARCH, WHICH WERE USED BY SHAKESPEARE

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INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar* was not printed before it appeared in the first folio, of 1623, but there is good reason for believing it to have been written in or before the year 1601. Its date of production might be, therefore, between *King Henry V.* and *Hamlet;* but Shakespeare more frequently produced two plays than one in a year.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has pointed out that in a book published in 1601—Weaver's "Mirror of Martyrs"—there is distinct reference to the Forum Scene in the Third Act of Shakespeare's play:

> "The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

This allusion places beyond question the fact that the stanza in Drayton's "Barons' Wars," published in 1603, which gives a character of Mortimer resembling Antony's character of Brutus in the last

scene of *Julius Cæsar*, was suggested by a passage in Shakespeare's play. This was the stanza:

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> For whom in peace the elements all lay
> So mixed, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute
> That 't seemed, when Heaven his model first began,
> In him it showed perfection in a man."

Revision of the poem for the edition of 1619 made the resemblance even more distinct, its last couplet being corrected into:

> "As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
> She meant to show all that might be in man.'

Shakespeare had made Antony say of Brutus:

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, this was a man."

Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is a play of government, but it is not enough merely to say that it represents government in its chief forms. The sweep of the story brings before us—in Rome the old centre of rule—unstable populace, democratic tribunes, republicans in their two main types, as the practical republican whose thought is for him

self, and the philosophical whose thought is for the world; it paints in feeble man the greed of empire, and tyrannicide as worse than fruitless; shows oligarchy risen from the ruins with a tyranny far greater than that from which the bare mistrust had caused escape to be sought by murder; it paints civil war, and includes foreshadowings of the disunion between chiefs of equal power. Their strife is shown in the play of *Antony and Cleopatra*, that continues the sequence of events to the final triumph of Octavius.

There is all this, no doubt, furnishing material for the two stories; and Shakespeare, as in preceding plays, made use of the historical groundwork as a parable against sedition and a warning of the ills of civil war, while the direct human interest, the centre of action, might lie in something else. So in this pair of plays, one, *Antony and Cleopatra*, has its centre in the house of the strange woman by whom many strong men have been slain. But in *Julius Cæsar* the centre of human interest is the centre also of the question of government. Religious men, opposed to her in faith, had more than once plotted the assassination of Elizabeth; and that the death of the childless queen might, whenever it happened, bring on another contest for the crown

was in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign widely feared. But a true dramatist like Shakespeare will never place the point of unity, the centre of crystallisation, so to speak, with which every line in a good play, poem, picture, statue, song, or whatever else may claim to be a work of art, has its relation, in anything so abstract and impersonal as the mere conception of government. The central thought of a play of Shakespeare's is to be found always in some one human truth that strikes home to the soul of some one man, through whom it passes insensibly into the souls of all who have been interested in his story.

Which, then, of the persons in this play of *Julius Cæsar* is the one upon whom Shakespeare seeks especially to fix attention? Beyond question, it is Brutus. The centre of interest will lie in him. Shunning, as we must always, the paths of dry speculation which invariably lead those who follow them to deserts far away from Shakespeare's track, we ask, as we must always, what is the most direct and obvious source of our strong human interest in the person whose fortunes are most continuously and visibly affected by the action of the plot. Brutus is represented as a man gentle and noble in the best sense of each word, the most perfect

character in Shakespeare, but for one great error in his life. All Rome had so much faith in his unblemished honour, that the conspirators who had determined to strike down Cæsar by assassination in the hour when he was about to grasp the sole dominion of Rome, strongly desired companionship of Brutus to give to their deed colour of right, and win for it more readily the assent of the people. There is in the blood of Brutus a love of liberty so strong that it is a virtue tending to excess. Upon this and upon his unselfish concern for the common good, his brother-in-law Cassius works, and by his working sways the scales of judgment, and leads Brutus to do evil that good may come of it. Not for ill done, but for mistrust of what might come, with no motive but the highest desire for his country's good, with no personal grudge in his heart, but a friend's affection for the man he struck, Brutus took part in an assassination. Portents are so inwoven with the action of the play as to suggest the presence of the gods in the affairs of men. The stroke that was to free Rome from a possible tyranny gave three tyrants for one, civil war for peace, and sent to a cruel death, by self-murder, the faithful wife who was dear to Brutus as the ruddy drops that visited his sad heart. The spirit of Cæsar

haunted Brutus as his evil spirit, and the last cry at Philippi was, "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" as Cæsar's chief assassins were dying by their own hands on the swords that stabbed him. Suggestions of the nature of the error flash out again and again from passages in the Fifth Act. Here is one. At bay on the Plains of Philippi, Cassius says to Brutus:

> "If we do lose this battle, then is this
> The very last time we shall speak together:
> What are you then determinéd to do?"

Brutus replies, with his own natural mind, applying to the killing of himself a reasoning that precisely applies also to the killing of Cæsar:

> "Even by the rule of that philosophy
> By which I did blame Cato for the death
> Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
> But I do find it cowardly and vile,
> *For fear of what might fall*, so to prevent
> The term of life,—arming myself with patience
> To stay the providence of some high powers,
> That govern us below."

But the next question of Cassius drives the thought of Brutus from its place of rest, and sends it down the incline of that passion for liberty which makes him now as ready to kill himself as he before was to kill Cæsar. Cassius says:

"Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Brutus. No, Cassius, no. Think not thou, noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind."

The passion for freedom begets action that contradicts his calm unbiassed sense of right. So against right he had struck Cæsar—doing evil to find good—and brought down upon himself and his country greater evils than he had intended to avert. For the common good he committed crime from which, if it had been for himself, his soul would have recoiled. For it is no more true in public than in private life that good can come of evil done; and let high politics stink as they may, there is no difference between public and private morality. The noblest motives in a man of purest character cannot turn moral wrong into political right, and the more completely Shakespeare impresses us with the ideal beauty of the character of Brutus, the more surely he brings home to us this truth.

Let us turn now to the conduct of the story which has this truth at its heart. The play opens at a time when there is general belief that Cæsar

desires an imperial crown, and on the fifteenth of February, "the Feast of Lupercal," celebrated annually in honour of a shepherd god, when Cæsar himself, having returned in triumph from the wars, hopes publicly to receive the crown from Antony, supported by the acclamations of the people. The fickle populace are in the streets. Their tribunes, who are expecting Cæsar's grasp at empire, meet them, chide them, drive them to their homes, pluck Cæsar's trophies from the images, and the last words of the scene clearly express their motive:

> "These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
> Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
> Who else would soar above the view of men
> And keep us all in servile fearfulness."

Here is the aim of Cæsar as seen from without by heads of the democracy.

The second scene shows Cæsar's aim in Cæsar himself, and as seen from without by the republicans. It tells the failure of that day's attempt upon the crown, and begins the tale of the conspiracy with the attempt of Cassius to bring Brutus into it. The scene opens with Cæsar passing to the games, and, as he hopes, to his crowning as King. But hope of empire brings

with it to the childless man desire for a direct heir to the throne. This thought underlies the first words spoken by Cæsar in the play, addressed to his wife and to Antony, who is stripped for the course, and whose touch in the chase, as he passed her, might remove sterility. The same ten lines of the opening of the scene paint Cæsar so far risen above surrounding men that he is treated as a god; and afterwards in his own speech, big with the sense of his sole dignity and power, he assumes the god. "I shall remember," Antony replies to the bidding that he should not forget, in his speed, to touch Calphurnia:

"When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed."

So men speak of Divine but not of human power. Upon this glorying in a vain sense of supreme power breaks the despised warning of the soothsayer, who bids Cæsar "beware the Ides of March." Cæsar passes with triumphal music in the hope to return crowned. Cassius remains to work on at his endeavour to bring Brutus into the conspiracy already formed for saving Rome from a sole master by killing Cæsar. The whole dialogue between them has this meaning. Distant shouts

of the people cause Brutus to express his fear that they choose Cæsar for their king :

"*Cassius.* Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brutus. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well."

In the dialogue between them Cassius is the speaker ; the words of Brutus are not answers to his persuasion, but detached expression of his own thought prompted once and again by the shouting of the people. And Cassius, though he is seeking to lead Brutus, is unable to put his argument upon ground higher than that which satisfies himself. It is based on personal resentment that another man should be accounted greater than himself. For this reason, Shakespeare has not allowed Brutus to speak a word that would associate his way of reasoning with that of Cassius. Only he asks at last that he may not be any farther moved ; but he is so far won that while indicating knowledge of his brother-in-law's aim, and willingness to find occasion to hear more :

"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus."

Cæsar then passes, on his return from disappointment, with the angry spot upon his brow. The people, as we learn presently from Casca, had applauded, not the offer of the crown, but the show made of rejection, that it might be urged upon him by their voices. Vexation had been great enough to bring on an attack of the epilepsy to which he was subject, and as he passes he observes the eye of Cassius upon him, of Cassius "who looks quite through the deeds of men." His irritation of mind, blended with the knowledge of men that had helped Cæsar to power, then fastens upon Cassius, whom he describes to Antony with a real insight into the danger of his character which sums up what has been shown in the preceding argument of Cassius with Brutus :—

"Such men as he are never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous."

Then he assumes the god :

"I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear,—for *always I am Cæsar.*"

To which Shakespeare at once adds a dramatic

touch of irony on the frail man who speaks like an eternal power :

> " Come on my right side, for this ear is deaf,
> And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

When Casca has been plucked by the sleeve, and has told in terms bluntly contemptuous the tale of Cæsar's disappointment, Cassius does not part with him till he has bidden him to his house. Then Brutus parts from Cassius, with renewed indication that he may be won, since he is willing to hear more.

> " For this time I will leave you :
> To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
> I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
> Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
> *Cassius.* I will do so :—till then, think of the world."

" Think of the world ! " says Cassius in parting, consciously playing on his brother-in-law's unselfish devotion to whatever he may be brought to regard as the common good. That he knows himself to be playing with what selfish men regard as weakness in a nature higher than their own, Shakespeare shows by taking us down at once into the mind of Cassius. It is to be remembered always that a soliloquy or an aside in Shakespeare,

and in our English dramatists generally, represents unspoken thought:

——"think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me."

And he plans then throwing writings in his way that seem to represent voices of Roman citizens—

——"all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at."

Between the second and third scenes of the First Act a month has passed. The two first scenes of the play represent Cæsar's attempt to obtain the crown from the people in the middle of February, at the Feast of Lupercal. The story proceeds now to the fifteenth of March, when Cæsar sought to be crowned by the Senate. From the heavens in storm in the third scene of the First Act, to the full bursting of the storm of civil fury at the end of the Third Act, we are in

the Ides of March. The action extends over one night and day; the day of Cæsar's murder and the night before it.

Of the portents that formed part of Plutarch's record, Shakespeare makes throughout a poetical use, joining them with the course of events, to represent offended Heaven and the presence of a higher power in affairs of men. The conspirators are gathering in Pompey's porch, under "a tempest dropping fire," safe against observation in deserted streets. But Brutus is not yet enrolled among their number, although Cassius has so used the time that but a few words on the eve of Cæsar's second attempt to be crowned, a few words representing that the plan is formed, and that the blow will be struck against tyranny whether Brutus give it countenance or no, will be enough to win him. The conspirators are meeting in Pompey's porch; Cassius has not yet joined them, and Metellus Cimber has been sent to his house to fetch him. Under such conditions the scene opens with Casca meeting Cicero in the portentous storm that suggests

> "Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
> Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
> Incenses them to send destruction."

To Casca's recital of the prodigies that moved men's minds, Cicero's answer is—

> "Indeed, it is a strange-disposéd time;
> But men may construe things, after their fashion,
> Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
> Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?"

Cæsar was to fall, not for ills done, but for the ills he might do if he wore a crown. "Mistrust of good success," and "hateful Error, Melancholy's child," would do this deed. So Cassius, next meeting Casca, interprets the signs in the heavens "clean from their purpose" as portending a just war against the tyranny of Cæsar:

> "Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
> Most like this dreadful night;
> That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
> As doth the lion in the Capitol."

And Casca recalls that,

> "Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
> Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
> And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
> In every place, save here in Italy."

Cassius has won Casca to fellowship in the conspiracy, when Cinna, who has been sent as a second messenger after Metellus Cimber to find the missing chief, interrupts their talk in the dark-

ness broken only by the meteors and lightning flashes.

" *Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'T is Cinna ; I do know him by his gait :
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?
Cin. To find out you. Who 's that ? Metellus Cimber ?
Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna ?
Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this !
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stayed for ? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius ! If you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party."

Cassius is cool for action ; but in other men the storm that suggests anger of the gods begets fear that seeks shelter under the good name of Brutus, soul of honour, whom men trust for his known worth, and whom the gods must love. The act is closed with emphasis upon the reason for the strong endeavour to win assent from Brutus to the murdering of Cæsar. Casca says :

' Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts.
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

Cassius replies :

" Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,

For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him."

The first scene of the Second Act shows Brutus awake already, made sleepless by the thought that Cassius has for a month past been diligently prompting, with the aid of false shows of a Roman people calling upon Brutus to save Rome from the creation of a tyrant:

"Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept."

Now, on the night before Cæsar's second grasp towards a crown, which will be surely granted by the Senate in the Capitol, Brutus has left his bed, paces his orchard, wakens his boy, Lucius, to provide light in his study, reads by the light of exhalations whizzing in the air one of the misleading papers studiously set by Cassius in his way. We are shown by a soliloquy the reasons that have brought Brutus, through anguish of a mind at war within itself, to the belief that there is no way to secure the good of Rome except by Cæsar's death. Here Shakespeare represents Brutus as surrendering his better judgment to no good reason for an evil deed:

—— "for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him.

> But for the general . . . .
> . . . . to speak truth of Cæsar,
> I have not known when his affections swayed
> More than his reason."

But just men ambitious of a crown have often changed their nature, scorned the base degrees by which they rose, and had a sting put into them :—

> "So Cæsar may :
> Then, lest he may, prevent."

There is no more than mistrust; no argument that could have swayed the mind of Brutus without help from Cassius, who had worked steadily, and with intimate knowledge of that hereditary zeal for liberty which might possibly be urged until it passed the bounds of reason in endeavour to secure the common good.

When Cassius brings the conspirators to Brutus in his orchard, there is recoil from the shameful aspect of conspiracy that fears to show its face, but a few words whispered apart by Cassius to Brutus suffice to make him one of the confederates. Few words would then suffice.—To-morrow Cæsar would be crowned in the Capitol. But he will be struck down. Here are the men who will do it—with you or without you. With you they strike for liberty with the least risk to Rome. Are you

with us? If you are, there is no time left for delay in showing it.—While Brutus and Cassius whisper apart, a few words of talk among the other conspirators, as to the place of sunrise, indicate dawn of the fatal day, and end in a stage group, that speaks to the eye, of cloaked conspirators, from among whom a sword points directly to the Capitol, which in the play is throughout taken as the place of the assassination. To the group so formed Brutus approaches, ready to join hands with the conspirators. He will have no oaths, no cruelties, and the weight of influence in men of noble character is shown, here and in later scenes, by the readiness of all who are about him to be ruled by the opinion of Brutus. Cassius is ready to ask Cicero to stand with them. Casca says, "Let us not leave him out." Cinna says, "No, by no means." Metellus adds, "O let us have him." Brutus dissuades, and Cassius says, "Then leave him out;" and Casca says, "Indeed, he is not fit." Decius asks, "Shall no man else be touched, but only Cæsar?" Cassius then, with good practical insight from the point of view of the conspiracy, urges that Mark Antony will be found a shrewd contriver if he outlive Cæsar. He too should fall. Brutus dissuades, and although

Cassius says, "Yet I fear him," he is spared, with the comment of Trebonius, "There is no fear in him; let him not die; for he will live, and laugh at this hereafter."

The eighth hour of the day now dawning is appointed for the murder. Caius Ligarius is named as one who has been hardly used by Cæsar and might join them. "He loves me well," says Brutus. "Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him;" and at the close of the scene, when he enters it is to emphasise the influence of a high character upon surrounding men. Ligarius has risen from a sick-bed at the call to Brutus. Brutus says to him:

> "O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
> To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick."

To which his answer is—

> "I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
> Any exploit worthy the name of honour."

But before the scene so closes, Portia has followed Brutus into the orchard, urging that she may share the secret that has troubled his mind, changed his manner, brought strange men at night to converse with him, "some six or seven that did hide their faces even from the darkness." Her urging brings

out the deep music of the love that is between them. "You are," he says, "my true and honourable wife, as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart." And she had not pleaded in vain for fullest confidence, when Ligarius knocked at the door.

> "O ye gods!
> Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking.*
> Hark, hark! one knocks:—Portia, go in awhile;
> And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
> The secrets of my heart:—
> All my engagements I will construe to thee,
> All the charactery of my sad brows."

In the second scene of the Second Act, portents, dreams, and persuasions of his wife cause delay, and almost withhold Cæsar from the Capitol, to which he is drawn by flatteries of those who lead him to his death. There is no flattery from Brutus; the only words he speaks have for him dread significance: "Cæsar, 't is stricken eight." His closing thought is of repugnance to hypocrisy, when Cæsar says to the conspirators surrounding him:

> "Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
> And we, like friends, will straightway go together,"

And the reflection of Brutus is—

> "That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
> The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon."

Then the act ends with Artemidorus waiting to warn Cæsar; and Portia at her house-door, who has learnt the secrets of her husband, which fill all her mind and heart with a wife's over-wrought passion of love and anxiety for Brutus. The two passages that bring Portia herself into the story, are thus made to give deep and full expression to the strength of the home love between her and Brutus.

The Third Act opens with Cæsar on his passage to the Capitol, and in the Capitol surrounded by the Senate. He has not listened to the warnings on his path. One not in league with the conspirators wishes them, as he passes, success in their enterprise, and then proceeds to speak with Cæsar. There is a dramatic movement of anxiety as they hurry their preparations in swift speech together; but Cæsar "doth not change," and they are not betrayed. Then as the conspirators gather about Cæsar—surrounding him as if joined in support to the plea of Metellus Cimber for the recall of his brother Publius from banishment — from the midst of the swords that in another minute will be drawn to slay him, Cæsar, with his last breath, assumes the god, and says,

> "I am constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world,—'t is furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That *unassailable* holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion."

To Cinna, further urging, he cries, "Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?" And in this mood the earthly god becomes a bleeding piece of clay.

Upon the tyrannicide follows the revolutionary cry, "Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!" With hands washed in the blood of Cæsar, the conspirators cry "Peace," and look to be remembered as "the men that gave their country liberty."

But as they sowed they reap. Antony proves, as Cassius feared he would, "a shrewd contriver." Having sent before him a true promise, though ingeniously misleading, that he would follow Brutus if Brutus could resolve him "how Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death," Antony is received generously by Brutus, who, confident in the purity of his own purpose, has no doubt that he can prove all to have been done for the common good. But Cassius joins to the argument of Brutus touching

right and duty only, the suggestion that to his mind appears more persuasive:

> "Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
> In the disposing of new dignities."

When Antony, with manly and full expression of his love to Cæsar, obtains leave from Brutus to speak in the order of his funeral, Cassius again uses his shrewder knowledge of a world that is not as it seems.

> "Brutus, a word with you.—
> You know not what you do: do not consent
> That Antony speak in his funeral.
> Know you how much the people may be moved
> By that which he will utter?"

But again the influence of Brutus, who brings faith in the justice of his cause, and a large spirit of humanity, into the crooked counsels of conspiracy, prevails. Cassius, in such a world, would be more fit to lead. "I know not what may fall," Cassius says as he yields, "I like it not."

When Antony, left alone with the body of Cæsar, has prophesied the curse of civil war on Italy, the tidings brought by the servant of Octavius that his master is within seven leagues of Rome prepares the way for immediate action, if Antony succeed in stirring up the people to revolt;

the coming of the servant also gives dramatic action to the removal of the body from the stage.

In the Forum Scene it may be observed that Brutus speaks in prose with brief expression of what he believes to be the sufficient reason for the death of Cæsar; while the speech of Antony, who begins with the whole mind of the populace against him, and, to secure hearing, tells the people that he comes "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," is a piece of studied rhetoric, designed to feel its way and rise in boldness until it has stirred the blood of all to fury. He undermines the accusation of ambition, and pauses to give time for the effect of this to appear. Then he shows, but does not read, Cæsar's will, with hints of large gifts in it to the people. Then he shows Cæsar's body, but not until he has worked emotion up by skilful dealing with the mantle under which it lies. By that time he has raised the people into fury against traitors; but while they are rushing to revenge, crying burn, fire, kill, slay, he stays them for the climax of his appeal, which is not to their hearts but to their pockets. They have not heard the will.

> "To every Roman citizen he gives,
> To every several man, seventy-five drachmas."

"with all his walks, his private arbours, and new-planted orchards on this side Tiber." Now they may be let slip at their prey. "Mischief, thou art afoot," says Antony, "Take thou what course thou wilt." Tidings follow of the flight of Brutus and Cassius from Rome, and of the entrance of Octavius. The last scene of the act shows civil fury at its height among the populace. Raging to burn and slay, they meet Cinna the Poet, mistake him, when they discover his name, for Cinna the Conspirator, and are about to tear him to pieces, when it is vain for him to tell them that he is Cinna the Poet. Their blood is up, and they are raging to destroy.

"*Cin.* I am Cinna the Poet; I am Cinna the Poet.
4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator.
2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna: pluck his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him!"

So much for the liberation of the people.

The first scene of the Fourth Act opens with showing how little has been gained by the removal of a tyranny. The triumvirs are seen in counsel pricking men for death by their own absolute will.

and on the lightest impulses of petty jealousy among themselves.

"*Antony.* These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him."

There could not be more vivid expression of the failure to reap good fruit from an evil deed. Murder of Cæsar has at once produced the ills that Brutus would have given his own life to avert. At once the scene passes to preparation for new discords in the future. If three men share the supreme power, first the weakest must go to the wall; and that is Lepidus, who is at once treated by his colleagues as "a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands." In a later scene there is a glance that indicates the rivalry to come between Octavius and Antony. But after the short opening scene of the Fourth Act—which shows the ruin of the hope that had caused Brutus to take part in a policy of doing evil that a good might follow—the one theme of the rest of the act is Brutus. He

has brought desolation upon his country, and upon his home; for he has learnt that Portia, made desperate by the griefs with which she was surrounded, swallowed fire, and so inflicted on herself a cruel death. The suppressed anguish in the mind of Brutus gives its character to all that is said or done by him. There is no part of Shakespeare that surpasses in spiritual beauty the Fourth Act of *Julius Cæsar*, which represents the bruised spirit of Brutus, with its short-lived powers of resentment and its depths of tenderness laid open by the stir of half-suppressed emotion. Neither the times nor his stoic philosophy will suffer him to sob his heart out for the cruel death of the wife dearly loved: a death that was among thousands of calamities, public and private, that had come of the assassination. He had killed his wife in stabbing Cæsar.

What is known as the Quarrel Scene between Brutus and Cassius, represents in Brutus, the quiver of suppressed emotion from his own deep-seated private grief passing into unwonted emotion of resentment at what looked in Cassius like want of honour and of friendly care. Cassius is quick of temper; Brutus habitually calm. But Cassius has now to wonder at the sensitiveness of

his friend, whose anger has but a short life, and whose amends for it are generous and full.

"Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too."

But when the Poet breaks in to reconcile the generals, it is Brutus who is nervously impatient of his interference, Cassius who says, "Bear with him." When Brutus has called for wine, that he may pledge Cassius, and gain perhaps some artificial strength to restrain utterances of his tortured spirit, Cassius says:—

"I did not think, you could have been so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man bears sorrows better.—Portia is dead.
Cassius. Ha, Portia?
Brutus. —She is dead.
Cassius. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?"

In the following Council of War the character of Brutus secures assent to his plan of marching at once to Philippi, though again the policy of Cassius is the more astute. After the Council has broken

up, the tenderness in the soul of Brutus takes new forms.

" *Brutus.* Lucius, my gown—Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius.—*Noble, noble* Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cassius. O, my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Brutus. Everything is well.
Cassius. Good night, my lord.
Brutus. *Good night, good brother.*'

Then follows a delicate dramatic touch by which Shakespeare puts into the hand of Brutus the book he is to be reading when Cæsar's ghost appears to him. He takes his gown from the hands of Lucius, gently observes upon his drowsiness, and when Varro and Claudius are called, that they may be at hand for sending messages, his overflowing tenderness for others requires that they shall sleep on cushions in his tent.

" *Varro.* So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Brutus. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. *Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful*

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Brutus. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long;"

and then from the heart quivering with tenderness,

"if I do live,
I will be good to thee."

When the boy falls asleep, Brutus takes thought even to remove his instrument lest it should fall and break, and then he sits to his book, the whole beauty of his character revealed to us, and brought home to our hearts. Yet even he, of purest character with purest aim, has erred in seeking good through evil. Brutus sees his evil spirit in the ghost of Cæsar, whom he will again see at Philippi, as he faces the last ruin of his vain hope, to win a public right through moral wrong by doing as a patriot what he would shrink from doing as a man.

In the Fifth Act of Shakespeare's play the opposing forces meet on the plains of Philippi. It is in their choice of commands that Shakespeare

shows Octavius and Antony equal now under press of danger, but with an element of discord in the imperial ambition of Octavius.

"*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you, but *I will* do so."

Portents again suggest the presence of the gods in the affairs of men. Even Cassius is disheartened by the omens; and in the farewell between Cassius and Brutus, should they never meet again, there is the passage, to which I have already referred, in which Brutus blames self-murder and finds it

"cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life;"

he will arm himself with patience, "to stay the Providence of those high powers that govern us below;" but swerves from the voice of his own reason when it is suggested that he may be led in triumph through the streets of Rome. The one excess of passion in him, overrules his judgment in his own case as it did in Cæsar's.

When Cassius bids Titinius spur towards troops on the field, and bring word to him whether they

are friends or enemies (for all are Romans), friendly reception is interpreted as hostile capture. Cassius bids his slave, whom he sets free, hold the sword on which he is resolved to die.

> "Guide thou the sword—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
> Even with the sword that killed thee."

Revenged also by death inflicted on the prompting of a blind mistrust.

> "Mistrust of good success hath done this deed,"

says Messala, and adds a comment designed also to apply to the whole tale of the conspiracy.

> "O, hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
> Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
> The things that are not? O, Error, soon conceived,
> Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
> But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!"

And Titinius adds like comment, as he bends over his master's body before dying by his side:—"Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything." From Brutus, the comment is,

> "O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
> In our own proper entrails."

Shall we ask now where the wit lay under the wigs of critics who wondered why Shakespeare did not end the play of Julius Cæsar with the scene of his assassination?

The end of Brutus is associated with the incident of Lucilius ready to die for him; and in his own last farewell with the comfort of the man who earned the trust of all,

> "My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
> I found no man, but he was true to me."

Brutus, too, dies upon the sword with which he had stabbed Cæsar:

> "Cæsar, now be still:
> I killed not thee with half so good a will."

And his praise comes from the lips of his opponent:

> "*Antony.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:
> All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He only, in a general honest thought
> Of common good to all, made one of them.
> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

If even Brutus, seeking with the noblest motives to make evil his good, found that evil sown was evil reaped, still less can men of lower lives hope for success in an attempt to advance public good by means that, if suggested for their private good, they would avoid as infamous. There is no distinction between private and public morality. No politician can make it without damaging his cause.

H. M.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	*Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA,	*Senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA,	*Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS,	*Tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS,	*a Sophist of Cnidos.*
	A Soothsayer.
CINNA,	*a Poet. Another Poet.*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA,	*Young* CATO, VOLUMNIUS, *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,	*Servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS,	*Servant to Cassius.*
CALPHURNIA,	*Wife of Cæsar.*
PORTIA,	*Wife of Brutus.*
	Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—During a great part of the Play, at ROME: afterwards near SARDIS, and near PHILIPPI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain Commoners over the Stage.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great

danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire,
And do you now cull out a holiday,
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort:
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved:
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
This way will I: disrobe the images
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, Cæsar; Antony, *for the course;* Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca; *a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchéd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again! [*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, 'Cæsar!'—Speak: Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March!

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March!

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexéd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tiréd Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy;—conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:—
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark

it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people

did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues.—And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts; but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him

smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glancéd at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'These are their reasons,—they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposéd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbéd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbracéd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind;
Why old men fool, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and performéd faculties,

To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.—
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!

There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he 's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit* CINNA.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already; and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts.

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Rome. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when! awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Called you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
[*Giving him a letter.*
This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c.—Speak, strike, redress!'
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'—
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!'—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *confer apart.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire: and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means

Met. O, let us have him: for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged.—I think it is not meet.

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flatteréd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS

Boy! Lucius!—fast asleep. It is no matter;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:

Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbracéd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgéd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,—for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am woman; but withal
A woman well reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charáctery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortifiéd spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fired I follow you

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!'—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me

Ne'er looked but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishéd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpéd in the streets ;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them !

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:—
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamed to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance:
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashaméd I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Rome. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol; among them Artemidorus *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well [*Advances to* CÆSAR.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discoverèd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thawed from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crookéd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishéd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world,—'t is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where 's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where 's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.—

That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honoured him, and loved him
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms, no strength of malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bayed, brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so:
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you do; do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livéd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Scene II.—Rome. The Forum.

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of Citizens.*

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here:
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderéd
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderéd.

[*Exit* Cassius, *with some of the Citizens.* Brutus *goes into the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your

wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy,

nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that 's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* That has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors:—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave. [*He comes down.*

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony,—most noble Antony

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.—
O, now you weep; and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here.
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do't:—they're wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true;—the will:—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal :—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—we 'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber : he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never !—Come, away, away !
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire !

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches !

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything !

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work :—mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street.

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:

It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion:—do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretched out;
And let us presently go sit in council
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before BRUTUS's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meet them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforcéd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! repeat the word along.

1 *Sold.* Stand!

2 *Sold.* Stand!

3 *Sold.* Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Within the Tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cas. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this,—
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.—

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:—
'T is better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged:
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.—

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter* LUCIUS.]—My gown.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.]—Farewell, good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily!
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:
It may be, I shall raise you by-and-by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS *lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see:—is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well,
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius! [*To* VARRO.] Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answeréd:
You said, the enemy would not come down

But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals,
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army*; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnéd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—
I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope.
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!
Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord!—

[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *talk apart.*

Cas. Messala,

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perched,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.—

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.—

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall:
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determinéd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life :—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Plains of Philippi. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus *and* Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.
[*Loud Alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt*

Scene III.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. *Enter* Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!—
Myself have to mine own turned enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathéd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life has run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosèd round about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on :—now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius !—now
Some light :—O, he lights too :—
He's ta'en : [*Shout.*] and, hark !
They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath :
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenoméd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—
'T is three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field :—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honoured, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead;

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius showed the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low Alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but laboured to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum: Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay; if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt*

ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES

FROM

NORTH'S TRANSLATION OF PLUTARCH

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NORTH'S TRANSLATION OF PLUTARCH.

From the Life of JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE chiefest cause that made him mortally hated, was the couetous desire he had to be called King: which first gaue the people iust cause, and next his secret enemies, honest colour to beare him ill will. This notwithstanding, they that procured him this honour and dignitie, gaue it out among the people that it was written in the Sybiline prophecies, how the Romaines might ouercome the Parthians, if they made warre with them, and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were vnconquerable. And furthermore they were so bold besides, that Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him, they called him king. But the people being offended, and Cæsar also angrie, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar. Then euery man keeping silence, he went his way heauy and sorrowfull. When they had decreed diuers honours for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went vnto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he sitting stil in his maiestie, disdaining to rise vp vnto them when they came in, as if they had bene priuate men, answered them: that his honors had more neede to be cut off then enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he

should so lightly esteeme of the Magistrates of the common wealth : insomuch as euery man that might lawfully go his way, departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throte was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported, that afterwards to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfit which haue this disease of the falling euill, when standing on their feete they speake to the common people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse. But that was not true : for he would haue risen vp to the Senate, but Cornelius Balbus one of his friends (or rather a flatterer) would not let him, saying : what, do you not remember you are Cæsar, and will you not let them reuerence you, and do their duties? Besides these occasions and offences, there folowed also his shame and reproch, abusing the Tribunes of the people in this sort. At that time, the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say was the feast of shepheards or heard-men, and is much like vnto the feast of the Lycæians in Arcadia. But howsoeuer it is, that day there are diuers noble mens sons, yong men, (and some of them Magistrates themselues that gouerne then) which run naked through the citie, striking in sport them they meete in their way, with leather thongs, haire and all on, to make them giue place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be striken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolemaister, to be striken with the ferula : perswading themselues that being with child, they shall haue good deliuerie ; and also being barren, that it will make them to conceiue with child. Cæsar sate to behold that sport vpon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphant maner. Antonius who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ranne this holy course. So when he came into the market place, the people made a lane for him to runne at libertie, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a Diadeame wreathed about with laurell. Whereupon there rose a certaine crie of reioycing,

not very great, done onely by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the Diadeame, then all the people together made an outcrie of ioy. Then Antonius offering it him againe, there was a second shout of ioy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it againe the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar hauing made this proofe, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chaire, and commanded the crowne to be caried vnto Iupiter in the Capitoll. After that, there were set vp images of Cæsar in the citie, with Diademes vpon their heads, like kings. Those, the two Tribunes, Flauius and Marullus, went and pulled downe: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as King, they committed them to prison. The people followed them reioycing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus, who had in old time driuen the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdome of one person, vnto the gouernment of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he depriued Marullus and Flauius of their Tribuneships, and accusing them, he spake also against the people, and called them Bruti, and Cumani, to wit, beasts, and fooles. Hereupon the people went straight vnto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother, of the house of the Seruilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and sonne in law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and fauour Cæsar shewed vnto him, kept him backe that of himselfe alone, he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdome. For Cæsar did not only saue his life, after the battell of Pharsalia when Pompey fled, and did at his request also saue many moe of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a maruellous confidence in him. For he had alreadie preferred him to that Prætorship for that yeare, and furthermore was appointed to be Consull the fourth yeare after that, hauing through Cæsars friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made sute for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, Indeed Cassius hath alleaged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus. Some one day accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracie, Cæsar would not heare of it, but clapping his hand on

his bodie, told them, Brutus wil looke for this skin: meaning therby, that Brutus for his vertue, deserued to rule after him, but yet, that for ambitions sake, he would not show him selfe vnthankfull or dishonorable. Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus onely their Prince and Gouernour aboue all other: they durst not come to him themselues to tell him what they would haue him to do, but in the night did cast sundrie papers into the Prætors seate where he gaue audience, and the most of them to this effect: Thou sleepest Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed. Cassius finding Brutus ambition stirred vp the more by these seditious bils, did pricke him forward, and egge him on the more, for a priuate quarell he had conceiued against Cæsar: the circumstance whereof, we haue set downe more at large in Brutus life. Cæsar also had Cassius in great ielousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, what will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time when Cæsars friends complained vnto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischiefe towards him: he answered them againe, as for those fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I neuer reckon of them: but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius. Certainly, destinie may easier be foreseene, then auoided: considering the strange and wonderfull signes that were said to be seene before Cæsars death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running vp and downe in the night, & also the solitarie birds to be seene at noon daies sitting in the great market place: are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that diuers men were seene going vp and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slaue of the souldiers, that did cast a maruellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar self also doing sacrifice vnto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could liue without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certaine Soothsayer that had giuen Cæsar warning

long afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the moneth), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar going vnto the Senate house, and speaking merily vnto the soothsayer, told him, the Ides of March be come: So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past. And the very day before, Cæsar supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certaine letters as he was wont to do at the boord: so talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best: he preuenting their opinions, cried out aloud, death vnlooked for. Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doores of hie chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that Cæsar was slaine, and that she had him in her armes. Others also do denie that she had any such dreame, as amongst other, Titus Liuius writeth, that it was in this sort: The Senate hauing set vpon the top of Cæsars house for an ornament, and setting forth of the same, a certaine pinnacle: Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken downe, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doores that day, but to adiorne the session of the Senate, vntill another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dreame, yet that he would search further of the Soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did feare and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia vntill that time, was neuer giuen to any feare or superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dreame she had. But much more afterwards, when the Soothsayers hauing sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send Antonius to adiorne the session of the Senate. But in the meane time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heire, and yet was of the conspiracie with

Cassius and Brutus : he fearing that if Cæsar did adiorne the session that day, the conspiracie would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproued Cæsar, saying : that he gaue the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might thinke he mocked them, considering that by his commandement they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaime him king of all the prouinces of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should weare his Diadem in all other places both by sea & land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and returne again when Calpurnia should haue better dreames : what would his enemies and ill willers say, and how could they like of his friends words? And who could perswade them otherwise, but that they would thinke his dominion a slauerie vnto them, and tyrannicall in himself? And yet if it be so, said he, that you vtterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go your selfe in person, and saluting the Senate, to dismisse them till another time. Therewithall he tooke Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him : and when he saw he was put back by the great prease and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurniaes hands to be kept, till Cæsar came backe againe, telling her that he had greater matters to impart vnto him. And one Artemidorus also borne in the Ile of Gnidos, a Doctor of Rhetoricke in the Greeke tongue, who by meanes of his profession was very familiar with certaine of Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar : came and brought him a litle bill written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar receiued all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gaue the straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said : Cæsar, reade this memoriall to your selfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great waight, and touch you nearely. Cæsar tooke it of him, but could neuer reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him : but holding it still in

his hand, keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate house. Howbeit other are of opinion, that it was some man else that gaue him that memoriall, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to giue it Cæsar, but he was alwayes repulsed by the people. For these things they may seeme to come by chance: but the place where the murther was prepared, & where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood vp an image of Pompey dedicated by himselfe amongst other ornaments which he gaue vnto the Theater: all these were manifest proofes that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that Cassius (though otherwise he did fauour the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey, before they entred into the action of their traiterous enterprise, he did softly call vpon it, to aide him: but the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did sodainly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man halfe besides himselfe. Now Antonius, that was a faithfull friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate house, hauing begunne a long tale of set purpose. So Cæsar comming into the house, all the Senate stood vp on their feete to do him honour. Then part of Brutus companie and confederates stood round about Cæsars chaire, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made sute with Metullus Cimber, to call home his brother againe from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their sute, they followed Cæsar, till he was set in his chaire. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed vpon him, and were the earnester with him: Metellus at length, taking his gowne with both his hands, pulled it ouer his necke, which was the signe giuen the confederates to set vpon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the necke with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortall, because it seemed the feare of such a diuelish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight vnto him, caught hold of his

sword, and held it hard, and they both cried out: Cæsar in Latin, O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou? And Casca in Greek to his brother, Brother, help me. At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracie, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to flie, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcrie. They on the other side that had conspired his death, cõpassed him in on euery side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him no where, but he was striken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked & mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that euery man should giue him a wound, because al their parts should be in this murther: and then Brutus himself gaue him one wound about his priuities. Men report also, that Cæsar did stil defend himself against the rest, running euery way with his bodie: but whē he saw Brutus with his sword drawne in his hand, then he pulled his gowne ouer his head, and made no more resistance, and was driuen either casually or purposedly, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompeys image stood, which ran all of a goare bloud till he was slaine. Thus it seemed that the image tooke iust revenge of Pompeys enemie, being throwne down on the ground at his feet, & yeelding vp his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had vpon him. For it is reported, that he had three and twentie wounds vpon his bodie: and diuers of the conspirators did hurt themselues, striking one bodie with so many blows. When Cæsar was slaine, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the middest amongst them, as though he would haue said something touching this fact) presently ranne out of the house, and flying, filled all the citie with maruellous feare and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut too their doores, others forsooke their shops and warehouses, and others ranne to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had seene it, ran home to their houses againe. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsars chiefest friends, secretly conueying themselues away, fled into other mens houses, and forsooke their owne. Brutus and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this

murther they had committed, hauing their swords drawne in their hands, came all in a troupe together out of the Senate, and went into the market place, not as men that made countenance to flie, but otherwise, boldly holding vp their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their libertie, and staid to speake with euery great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some folowed this troupe, and went amongst them, as if they had bene of the conspiracie, and falsly chalenged part of the honor with them: amongst them was Caius Octauius, and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death, for their vaine couetousness of honor, by Antonius, and Octauius Cæsar the yonger: and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were both put to death, neither did any man beleeue that they were any of the confederates or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death, took reuenge rather of the wil they had to offend, then of any fact they had committed. The next morning, Brutus & his confederats came into the market place to speake vnto the people, who gaue thē such audience, that it seemed they neither greatly reproued, nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they shewed, that they were sory for Cæsars death, and also that they did reuerence Brutus. Now the Senate granted generall pardon for all that was past, and to pacifie euery man, ordained besides, that Cæsars funerals should be honored as a god, & established all things that he had done: and gaue certaine prouinces also, and conuenient honors vnto Brutus & his confederates, wherby euery man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietnes again. But when they had opened Cæsars testament, & found a liberall legacie of mony bequeathed vnto euery citizen of Rome, & that they saw his body (which was brought into the market place) al bemangled with gashes of swords: thē there was no order to keep the multitude & common people quiet, but they plucked vp formes, tables, and stooles, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burnt the corse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they tooke the fire-brands, and went vnto their houses that had slaine Cæsar, to set them afire. Other also ran vp and down the citie to see if they could meet with any

of them, to cut them in peeces: howbeit they could meet with neuer a man of them, because they had locked thēselues vp safely in their houses. There was one of Cæsars friends called Cinna, that had a maruellous strange & terrible dreame the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bad him to supper, and that he refused and would not go: then that Cæsar took him by the hand, & led him against his wil. Now Cinna hearing at that time, that they burnt Cæsars body in the market place, notwithstanding that he feared his dreame, and had an ague on him besides: he went into the market place to honour his funerals. When he came thither, one of the meane sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other vnto another, so that it ranne straight through them all, that he was one of them that murthered Cæsar: (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar, was also called Cinna as himselfe) wherefore taking him for Cinna the murtherer, they fell vpon him with such furie, that they presently dispatched him in the market place. This stirre and furie made Brutus and Cassius more affraid, then of all that was past, and therefore within few daies after, they departed out of Rome: and touching their doings afterwards, and what calamitie they suffered till their deaths, we haue written at large in the life of Brutus. Cæsar died at sixe and fiftie yeares of age, and Pompey also liued not passing four yeares more then he. So he reaped no other fruite of his raigne and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreame danger: but a vaine name onely, and a superficiall glorie, that procured him the enuy and hatred of his countrey. But his great prosperitie and good fortune that fauoured him all his life time, did continue afterwards in the reuenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellers in the conspiracie of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen vnto men vpon the earth, that which came to Cassius aboue all other, is most to be wondred at: for he being ouercome in battell at the iorney of Philippes, slue himselfe with the same sword, with which he strake Cæsar. Againe of signes in the element, the great comet

which seuen nights together was seene very bright after Cæsars death, the eighth night after was neuer seene more. Also the brightnesse of the Sunne was darkened, the which all that yeare through rose very pale, and shined not out, whereby it gaue but small heate: therefore the ayre being very cloudie and darke, by the weaknesse of the heate that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and vnripe fruite, which rotted before it could ripe. But aboue all, the ghost that appeared vnto Brutus shewed plainly, that the gods were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus being readie to passe ouer his armie from the citie of Arydos, to the other coast lying directly against it, slept euery night (as his maner was) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires: (for by report he was as carefull a Captaine, and liued with as little sleepe, as euer man did) he thought he heard a noise at his tent doore, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnesse, and dreadfull looke, which at the first made him maruellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed side, & said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: I am thy ill Angell, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replied againe, and said: Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall, the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time, Brutus being in battell neare vnto the citie of Philippes, against Antonius and Octauius Cæsar, at the first battell he wanne the victorie, and ouerthrowing all them that withstood him, he draue them into yong Cæsars camp, which he tooke. The second battell being at hand, this spirit appeared againe vnto him, but spake neuer a word. Thereupon Brutus knowing that he should die, did put himselfe to all hazard in battell, but yet fighting could not be slaine. So seeing his men put to flight and ouerthrowne, he ranne vnto a little rocke not farre off, and there setting his swords point to his breast, fell vpon it, and slue himselfe: but yet, as it is reported, with the helpe of his friend that dispatched him.

From the Life of MARCUS BRUTUS.

MARCUS BRUTUS came of that Iunius Brutus, for whom the auncient Romaines made his statue of brasse to be set vp in the Capitoll, with the images of the kings, holding a naked sword in his hand: because he had valiantly put downe the Tarqvines from their kingdome of Rome. But that Iunius Brutus being of a sower sterne nature, not softened by reason, being like vnto sword blades of too hard a temper: was so subiect to his choller and malice he bare vnto the tyrants, that for their sakes he caused his owne sonnes to be executed. But this Marcus Brutus in contrarie manner, whose life we presently write, hauing framed his life by the rules of vertue, and studie of Philosophie, and hauing employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting of great things: methinkes he was rightly made and framed vnto vertue. So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt, because of his conspiracie against Iulius Cæsar: if there were any noble attempt done in all this conspiracie, they referre it wholy vnto Brutus, and all the cruell and violent actes vnto Cassius, who was Brutus familiar friend, but not so well giuen, and conditioned as he. . . . . Marcus Cato the Philosopher was brother vnto Seruilia, Marcus Brutus mother: whom Brutus studied most to follow of all the other Romaines, because he was his vncle, and afterwards he maried his daughter. Now touching the Grecian Philosophers, there was no sect or Philosopher of them, but he heard and liked it: but aboue all the rest, he loued Platoes sect best, and did not much giue himselfe to the new or meane Academie (as they call it) but altogether to the old Academie. . . . . Cassius being a colericke man, and hating Cæsar priuatly, more then he did the tyrannie openly; he incensed Brutus against him. It is also reported, that Brutus could euill away with the tyrannie, and that Cassius hated the tyrant: making many complaints for the iniuries he had done

him; and amongst others, for that he had taken away his Lions from him. Cassius had prouided them for his sports, when he should be Ædilis, and they were found in the citie of Megara, when it was wonne by Calenus, and Cæsar kept them. The rumor went, that these lions did maruellous great hurt to the Megarians: for when the city was taken, they brake their cages where they were tyed vp, & turned thẽ loose, breaking they wold haue done great mischiefe to the enemies, and haue kept them from setting vpon them: but the lions (contrarie to expectation) turned upon themselues that fled vnharmed, and did so cruelly teare some in pecces, that it pitied their enemies to see them. And this was the cause (as some do report) that made Cassius conspire against Cæsar. But this holdeth no water: for Cassius euen from his cradle could not abide any manner of tyrants, as it appeared when he was but a boy, and went vnto the same schoole that Faustus, the son of Sylla, did. And Faustus bragging among other boyes, highly boasted of his fathers kingdom: Cassius rose vp on his feet, and gaue him two good whirts on the eare. Faustus gouernors would haue put this matter in sute against Cassius: but Pompey would not suffer them, but caused the two boyes to be brought before him, and asked them, how the matter came to passe. Then Cassius (as it is written of him) said vnto the other: Go too Faustus, speake againe and thou darest, before this Nobleman here, the same words that made me angrie with thee, that my fistes may walke once againe about thine ears. Such was Cassius hote stirring nature. But for Brutus, his friends and countrimen, both by diuers procurements, and sundrie rumours of the citie, and by many bils also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For vnder the image of his auncestor Iunius Brutus, (that draue the kings out of Rome) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now aliue, Brutus! and againe, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunall or chaire, where he gaue audience during the time he was Praetor, was full of such billes: Brutus thou art asleepe, and art not Brutus indeed. And of all this, Cæsars flatterers were the cause: who beside many other exceeding and unspeakable honours they daily deuised for him, in the night time they did put Diademes

vpon the heades of his images, supposing thereby to allure the common people to call him King, in steade of Dictator. Howbeit, it turned to the contrarie, (as we haue written more at large in Iulius Cæsars life.) Now when Cassius felt his friends, and did stirre them vp against Cæsar: they all agreed and promised to take part with him, so Brutus were the chiefe of their conspiracie. For they told him, that so high an enterprise and attempt as that, did not so much require men of manhood, and courage to draw their swords: as it stood the vpon to haue a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make euery man boldly thinke, that by his onely presence the fact were holy and iust. If he tooke not this course, then that they should go to it with fainter hearts, and when they had done it they should be more fearefull: because euery man would thinke that Brutus would not haue refused to haue made one with them, if the cause had bene good and honest. Therefore Cassius considering this matter with himselfe, did first of all speake to Brutus, since they grew straunge together for the sute they had for the Prætorship. So when he was reconciled to him againe, and that they had embraced one another; Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate house, the first day of the moneth of March, because he heard say that Cæsars friendes should moue the councell that day, that Cæsar should be called King by the Senate. Brutus answered him, he would not be there. But if we be sent for (sayed Cassius) how then? For my selfe then (sayed Brutus) I meane not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die then lose my libertie. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word: Why (quoth he) what Romaine is he aliue that will suffer thee to dye for the libertie? What, knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be coblers, tapsters, or such like base mechanicall people, that write these billes and scrolles which are found daily in thy Prætors chaire, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No, be thou well assured, that of other Prætors they looke for giftes, common distributions amongst the people, & for common playes, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to shew the people pastime: but at thy hands, they specially require (as a due debt vnto them)

the taking away of the tyrannie, being fully bent to suffer any extremitie for thy sake, so that thou wilt shew thy selfe to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art. Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him: and so each taking leaue of other, they went both to speake with their friends about it. Now amongst Pompeys friends, there was one called Caius Ligarius,* who had bene accused vnto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey; and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him, for that he was brought in daunger by his tyrannicall power. And therefore in his heart he was alway his mortall enemie, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him being sicke in his bed, and sayed unto him: Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke? Ligarius rising vp in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said vnto him: Brutus (said he) if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthie of thy selfe, I am whole. After that time they began to feele all their acquaintance whom they trusted, and layed their heads together consulting vpon it, and did not onely picke out their friends, but all those also whom they thought stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and that were not affraid to lose their liues. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracie, although he was a man whom they loued dearely, and trusted best: for they were affraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also hauing increased his feare, he would quite turne and alter all their purpose, and quench the heate of their enterprise the which specially required hote and earnest execution, seeking by perswasion to bring all things to such safetie, as there should be no perill. Brutus also did let other of his friends alone, as Statilius Epicvrian, and Faonius, that made profession to follow Marcus Cato: because that hauing cast out words a farre off, disputing together in Philosophie to feele their minds: Faonius answered, That ciuill war was worse than tyrannicall gouernment vsurped against the law. And Statilius told him also, That it were an vnwise part of him, to put his life in daunger, for a sight of ignorant fooles and asses.

* In another place they call him Quintus.

Labeo was present at this talke, and maintained the contrarie against them both. But Brutus held his peace, as though it had bene a doubtfull matter, and a hard thing to haue bene decided. But afterwardes, being out of their companie, he made Labeo priuie to his intent; who very readily offered himselfe to make one. And they thought good also to bring in another Brutus to ioyne with him, surnamed Albinus: who was no man of his handes himselfe, but because he was able to bring good force of a great number of slaues, and fencers at the sharpe, whom he kept to shew the people pastime with their fighting, besides also that Cæsar had some trust in him. Cassius and Labeo told Brutus Albinus of it at the first, but he made them no answer. But when he had spoken with Brutus himselfe alone, and that Brutus told him he was the chiefe ring-leader of all this conspiracie: then he willingly promised him the best aide he could. Furthermore, the onely name and great calling of Brutus, did bring on the most of them to giue consent to this conspiracie: who hauing neuer taken othes together, nor taken or giuen any caution or assurance, nor binding themselues one to another by any religious othes: they all kept the matter so secret to themselues, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding, the gods did reueale it by manifest signes and tokens from aboue, and by predictions of sacrifices: yet all this would not be beleeued. Now Brutus, who knewe very well, that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most couragious men of Rome did venture their liues, weighing with himselfe the greatnesse of the daunger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and lookes, that no man could discerne he had any thing to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was not in his owne house, then he was clean chaunged: for, either care did wake him against his will when he would haue slept, or else oftentimes of himselfe he fell into such deepe thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the daungers that might happen: that his wife lying by him, found that there was some maruellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himselfe. His wife Porcia (as we haue told you before) was the daughter of Cato.

whom Brutus maried being his cousin, not a mayden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whome she had also a young sonne called Bibulus, who afterwardes wrote a booke of the actes and gestes of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young Ladie being excellently well seene in Philosophie, louing her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she made some proofe by her selfe: she took a little razour such as Barbers occupie to pare mens nayles, and causing her maydes and women to go out of her chamber, gaue her selfe a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was straight all of a goare bloud: and incontinently after, a vehement feauer tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then perceiuing that her husband was maruellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest: euen in her greatest paine of all, she spake in this sort vnto him: I being, ô Brutus, (said she) the daughter of Cato, was maried vnto thee, not to be thy bed-fellowe and companion in bedde and at boord onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and euill fortune. Now for thy selfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my dutie towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischaunce or griefe with thee, which requireth secrecie and fidelitie. I confesse, that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet (Brutus) good education and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefite moreouer, that I am the daughter of Cato, and the wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding; I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With those wordes she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to proue her selfe. Brutus was amazed what she sayed vnto him, and lifting vp his handes to heauen, he besought the goddes to giue him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good passe, that he might be found a husband, worthie of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could. Nowe, a day being

appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come: the conspiratours determined then to put their enterprise in execution, because they might meete safely at that time without suspition, and the rather, for that all the noblest and chiefest men of the citie would be there: who when they should see such a great matter executed, would euery man then set too their handes, for the defence of their libertie. Furthermore, they thought also that the appointment of the place where the councell should be kept, was chosen of purpose by diuine Providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the porches about the Theater, in the which there was a certaine place full of seates for men to sit in, where also was set vp the image of Pompey, which the citie had made and consecrated in honour of him: when he did beautifie that part of the citie with the Theater he built, with diuerse porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, iust on the fifteenth day of the moneth of March, which the Romaines call, Idus Martias: so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slaine, for reuenge of Pompeys death. So when the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side vnder his long gowne, that no bodie saw nor knew, but his wife onely. The other conspiratours were all assembled at Cassius house, to bring his sonne into the market place, who on that day did put on the mans gowne, called Toga Virilis, and from thence they came all in a troupe together vnto Pompeys porch, looking that Cæsar would straight come thither. But here is to be noted, the wonderfull assured constancie of these conspirators, in so daungerous and waightie an enterprise as they had vndertaken. For many of them being Prætors, by reason of their office, whose dutie is to minister iustice to euery bodie: they did not onely with great quietnesse and courtesie heare them that spake vnto them, or that pleaded matters before them, and gaue them attentiue care, as if they had no other matter in their heads: but moreouer, they gaue iust sentence, and carefully dispatched the causes before them. So there was one among them, who being condemned in a certaine summe of money, refused to pay it, and cryed out, that he did appeale vnto Cæsar. Then Brutus casting his eyes vpon the

conspiratours, said: Cæsar shall not let me to see the lawe executed. Notwithstanding this, by chance there fell out many misfortunes vnto them, which was enough to haue marred the enterprise. The first and chiefest, was Cæsars long tarying, who came very late to the Senate: for, because the signes of the sacrifices appeared vnluckie, his wife Calphurnia kept him at home, and the Soothsayers bad him beware he went not abroad. The second cause was, when one came vnto Casca being a conspiratour, and taking him by the hand, said vnto him: O Casca, thou keptest it close from me, but Brutus hath told me all. Casca being amazed at it, the other went on with his tale, and sayd: Why, how now, how commeth it to passe thou art thus rich, that thou doest sue to be Ædilis? Thus Casca being deceiued by the others doubtfull wordes, he told them it was a thousand to one, he blabbed not out all the conspiracie. Another Senatour called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do: he rounded softly in their eares, and told them: I pray the goddes you may goe through with that you haue taken in hand; but withall, dispatch I reade you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had sayed, he presently departed from them, and left them both affrayed that their conspiracie would out. Now in the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post haste vnto him, and told him his wife was a dying. For Porcia being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind: she could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with euery litle noyse and crye she heard, as those that are taken and possest with the furie of the Bacchantes, asking euery man that came from the market place, what Brutus did, and still sent messenger after messenger, to know what newes. At length Cæsars comming being prolonged, (as you haue heard) Porciaes weakenesse was not able to hold out any longer, and thereupon she sodainely swounded, that she had no leysure to goe to her chamber, but was taken in the middest of her house, where her speech and senses failed her. Howbeit she soone came to her selfe againe, and so was layed in her bed, and tended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieued him, as it is to be pre-

supposed: yet he left not off the care of his countrie and commonwealth, neither went home to his house for any newes he heard. Nowe, it was reported that Cæsar was comming in his Litter: for he determined not to stay in the Senate all tha day (because he was affraid of the vnluckie signes of the sacrifices) but to adiourne matters of importance vnto the next Session and Councell holden, fayning himselfe not to be well at ease. When Cæsar came out of his Litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the goddes they might bring this enterprise to passe) went vnto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talke. Cæsar gaue good eare vnto him. Whereupon the conspiratours (if so they should be called) not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but coniecturing by that he had told them a litle before, that his talke was none other but the very discouerie of their conspiracie: they were affrayed euery man of them, and one looking in anothers face, it was easie to see that they all were of a mind, that it was no tarying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselues with their owne handes. And when Cassius and certaine other clapped their hands on their swordes vnder their gownes to drawe them; Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did vse himselfe rather like an humble and earnest suter, then like an accuser: he sayed nothing to his companion (because there were many amongest them that were not of the conspiracie) but with a pleasaunt countenance encouraged Cassius. And immediately after, Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainely that it was for some matter concerning himselfe, that he had held him so long in talke. Now all the Senatours being entred first into this place or chapter house where the councell should be kept, all the other conspiratours straight stood about Cæsar's chaire, as if they had had something to say vnto him. And some say, that Cassius casting his eyes vpon Pompeys image, made his prayer vnto it, as if it had bene aliue. Trebonius* on the other side, drew Antonius aside, as he came

* In Cæsars life it is sayd, it was Decius Brutus Albinus, that kept Antonius with a talke without.

into the house where the Senate sate, and held him with a long talke without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the Senate rose to honour him at his comming in. So when he was set, the conspiratours flocked about him, and amongest them they presented one Tullius Cimber,* who made sute for the calling home againe of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessours for him, and tooke him by the handes, and kissed his heade and breast. Cæsar at the first, simply refused their kindnesse and intreaties: but afterwards, perceiuing they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Cæsars gowne ouer his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him, drew his dagger first, & strake Cæsar vpon the shoulder, but gaue him no great wound. Cæsar feeling himselfe hurt, tooke him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, & cryed out in Latin: O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greeke, and called his brother to helpe him. So diuers running on a heape together to flie vpon Cæsar, he looking about him to haue fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawne in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Cascaes hand goe, and casting his gowne ouer his face, suffered euery man to strike at him that wold. Then the conspirators thronging one vpon another, because euery man was desirous to haue a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting vpon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were euery man of them bloudied. Cæsar being slaine in this maner, Brutus standing in the middest of the house, would haue spoken, and stayed the other Senatours that were not of the conspiracie, to haue told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they as men both affrayed and amazed, fled one vpon anothers necke in hast to get out at the doore, and no man followed them. For it was set downe, and agreed betwene them, that they should kill no man but Cæsar onely, and should intreate all the rest to looke to defend their libertie. All the conspiratours, but Brutus, determining vpon

* In Cæsars life he is called Metellus Cimber

this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature fauoured tyrannie: besides also, for that he was in great estimation with the souldiers, hauing bene conversant of long time amongst them: and specially hauing a mind bent to great enterprises, he was also of great authoritie at that time, being Consull with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it. First, for that he said it was not honest: secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust, but that Antonius being a noble minded and couragious man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead) would willingly help his countrey to recouer her libertie, hauing them an example vnto him, to follow their courage and vertue. So Brutus by this meanes saued Antonius life, who at that present time disguised himself, and stale away: but Brutus and his consorts, hauing their swords bloudie in their hands, went straight to the Capitoll, perswading the Romaines as they went, to take their libertie againe. Now, at the first time when the murther was newly done, there were sudden outcries of people that ranne vp and downe the citie, the which indeed did the more increase the feare and tumult. But when they saw they slue no man, neither did spoile or make hauock of any thing: then certaine of the Senators, and many of the people imboldening themselues, went to the Capitoll vnto them. There a great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration vnto them to win the fauour of the people, and to iustifie that they had done. Al those that were by, said they had done well, and cried vnto them, that they should boldly come downe from the Capitoll: whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly downe into the market place. The rest followed in troupe, but Brutus went formost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the citie, which brought him from the Capitoll, through the market place, to the pulpit for oratiõs. Whẽ the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stirre: yet being ashamed to do it, for the reuerence they bare vnto Brutus, they kept silence to heare what he would say. Whẽ Brutus began to speake, they gaue

him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. For when another called Cinna would haue spoken, and beganne to accuse Cæsar: they fell into a great vprore amongst them, and maruellously reuiled him. Insomuch that the conspiratours returned againe into the Capitoll. There Brutus being affrayed to be besieged, sent backe againe the Noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason, that they which were no partakers of the murther, should be partakers of the daunger. Then the next morning the Senate being assembled, and holden within the temple of the goddesse Tellus, to wit, the Earth: and Antonius, Plancus, and Cicero, hauing made a motion to the Senate in that assembly, that they should take an order to pardon and forget all that was past, and to stablish friendship and peace againe: it was decreed, that they should not only be pardoned, but also that the Consuls should referre it to the Senate what honours should be appointed vnto them. This being agreed vpon, the Senate brake vp, and Antonius the Consull, to put them in heart that were in the Capitoll, sent them his sonne for a pledge. Vpon this assurance, Brutus and his companions came downe from the Capitoll, where euery man saluted and embraced each other, among the which, Antonius himselfe did bid Cassius to supper to him: and Lepidus also bad Brutus, and so one bad another, as they had friendship and acquaintance together. The next day following, the Senate being called againe to councell, did first of all commend Antonius, for that he had wisely stayed and quenched the beginning of a ciuill warre: then they also gaue Brutus and his consorts great prayses, and lastly they appointed them seuerall gouernments of prouinces. For vnto Brutus, they appointed Creta; Africke vnto Cassius; Asia vnto Trebonius: Bithynia, vnto Cimber; and vnto the other Detius Brutus Albinus, Gavle on this side the Alpes. When this was done, they came to talke of Cæsars will and testament, and of his funerals and tombe. Then Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his bodie should be honorably buried, and not in hugger mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: Cassius stoutly

spake against it. But Brutus went with the motion, and agreed vnto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that Antonius should be slaine: and therefore he was iustly accused, that thereby he had saued and strengthened a strong and grieuous enemy of their conspiracie. The second fault was, when he agreed that Cæsars funerals should be as Antonius would haue them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when Cæsars testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed vnto euery Citizen of Rome, 75. Drachmes a man; and that he left his gardens & arbors vnto the people, which he had on this side of the riuer of Tyber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built: the people then loued him, & were marvellous sorie for him. Afterwards, when Cæsars body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral Oration in praise of the dead according to the auncient custome of Rome, and perceiuing that his words moued the common people to compassion: he framed his eloquence to make their harts yerne the more, and taking Cæsars gowne all bloudy in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had vpon it. Therewithall the people fell presently into such a rage and mutinie, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cryed out, Kill the murtherers: others plucked vp formes, tables, and stalles about the market place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and hauing laid them all on a heape together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was throughly kindled, some here, some there, tooke burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murtherers houses that killed him, to set them a fire. Howbeit, the conspiratours foreseeing the daunger before, had wisely prouided for themselues, and fledde. But there was a Poet called Cinna, who had bene no partaker of the conspiracie, but was alway one of Cæsars chiefest friends: he dreamed the night before, that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled

him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great darke place, where being maruellously affrayed, he was driuen to follow him in spite of his heart. This dreame put him all night into a feauer, and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard they carried Cæsars bodie to buriall, being ashamed not to accompanie his funerals: he went out of his house, and thrust himselfe into the prease of the common people that were in a great vprore. And because some one called him by his name, Cinna; the people thinking he had bene that Cinna, who in an oration he made, had spoken very euill of Cæsar; they falling vpon him in their rage, slue him outright in the market place. This made Brutus and his companions more afraid then any other thing, next vnto the chaunge of Antonius. Wherefore they got them out of Rome, and kept at the first in the city of Antivm, hoping to returne againe to Rome, when the furie of the people was a litle asswaged. The which they hoped would be quickley, considering that they had to deale with a fickle and vnconstant multitude, easie to be caried, and that the Senate stood for them: who notwithstanding made no enquirie of them that had torne poore Cinna the Poet in peeces, but caused them to be sought for and apprehended, that went with firebrands to set fire of the conspiratours houses. . . . . About that time, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the citie of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus understanding of his comming, went to meete him with all his friendes. There both their armies being armed, they called them both Emperors. Now (as it commonly happeneth in great affaires betweene two persons, both of them hauing many friendes, and so many Captaines vnder them: there ranne tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a litle chamber together, and bad euery man auoid and did shut the dores to them. Then they began to powre out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within, and angry betweene themselues, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded, that no man should come to them.

Notwithstanding one Mar-Phaonius, that had bene a friend and follower of Cato while he liued, & tooke vpon him to counterfeit a Philosopher, not with wisdome and discretion, but with a certaine bedlem and franticke motion: he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keepe him out. But it was no boote to let Phaonius, when a madde mood or toy tooke him in the head: for he was a hote hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for neuer a Senator of them all. Now, though he vsed this bold maner of speech after the profession of the Cynicke Philosophers (as who would say, Dogs) yet this boldnesse did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the doorekeepers, came into the chamber, and with a certaine scoffing and mocking gesture which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor sayd in Homer:

> "My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
> For I haue seene moe yeares then suchie three."

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dogge, and counterfeit Cynicke. Howbeit his comming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The selfe same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. So when they were set at supper, Phaonius came to sit downe after he had washed. Brutus told him aloud, no man sent for him, and bad them set him at the vpper end: meaning indeed at the lower end of the bed. Phaonius made no ceremony, but thrust in amongst the middest of them, and made all the company laugh at him: So they were merry all supper time, and full of their Philosophie. The next day after, Brutus, vpon complaint of the Sardians, did condemne and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had bene a Prætor of the Romaines, and whom Brutus had giuen charge vnto: for that he was accused and conuicted of robbery, and pilferie in his office. This iudgement much misliked Cassius: because he himselfe had secretly (not many dayes before) warned two of his friends, attainted and conuicted of the like offences, and openly had

cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leaue to employ them in any manner of seruice as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproued Brutus, for that he would shew himselfe so straight and seuere in such a time, as was meeter to beare a litle, then to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrarie manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slue Iulius Cæsar: who neither piled nor polled the countrey, but onely was a fauourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoile, by his countenance & authoritie. And if there were any occasion wherby they might honestly set aside iustice and equitie: they should haue had more reason to haue suffered Cæsars friends, to have robbed and done what wrong and iniurie they had would, then to beare with their owne men. For then sayd he, they could but haue sayd they had bene cowards: and now they may accuse vs of iniustice, beside the paines we take, and the danger we put our selues into. And thus may we see what Brutus intent and purpose was. But as they both prepared to passe ouer againe, out of Asia into Europe: there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe vnto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very litle, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He neuer slept in the day time, and in the night no longer, then the time he was driuen to be alone, and when euery body else tooke their rest. But now whilest he was in warre, and his head euer busily occupied to thinke of his affaires, and what would happen: after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his waightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would reade some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the Captaines, petty Captaines and Colonels, did vse to come to him. So, being ready to go into Evrope, one night very late (when all the campe tooke quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a litle light, thinking of waightie matters: he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, that he saw a wonderfull straunge and monstrous shape of a bodie comming towards him, and sayd neuer a word. So Brutus boldly asked him what he was, a

man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied againe vnto it: Well, then I shall see thee againe. The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men vnto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all. . . . . So Cassius himselfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a litle hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius himselfe saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsmen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus horsemen saw him comming a farre off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius chiefest friends, they shouted out for ioy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about a horse-back, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnesse, so that they made all the field ring againe for ioy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking indeed that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best friends takē, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where no body was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued euer for such a pinch, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow: but then casting his cloke ouer his head, and holding out his bare necke vnto Pindarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found seuered from the body: but after that time Pindarus was neuer seene more. Whereupon, some tooke occasion to say that he had slaine his maister without his commaundement. By and by they knew the horsmen that came towards them, and might see Titinnius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed vnto Cassius.

But when he perceiued by the cries and teares of his friends which tormēted themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his Captaine Cassius, by mistaking: he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had taried so long, & so slew himselfe presently in the field. . . . . The selfsame night, it is reported that the monstrous spirit which had appeared before vnto Brutus in the citie of Sardis, did now appeare againe vnto him in the selfesame shape and forme, and so vanished away, and said neuer a word. Now Publius Volumnius, a graue and wise Philosopher, that had bin with Brutus frō the beginning of this war, he doth make no mention of this spirit, but saith: that the greatest Eagle and ensigne was couered ouer with a swarme of bees, and that there was one of the captaines, whose arme sodainely fel a sweating, that it dropped oile of roses from him, and that they oftentimes went about to dry him, but all would do no good. And that before the battel was fought, there were two Eagles fought between both armies, and all the time they fought, there was a maruellous great silence all the valley ouer, both the armies being one before the other, marking this fight betweene them; and that in the end, the Eagle towards Brutus gaue ouer and flew away. . . . There was one of Brutus friends called Lucilius, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was Brutus: and because they should beleeue him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was affraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking them selues happie men; they caried him in the night and sent some before vnto Antonius, to tel him of their comming. He was maruellous glad of it, and went out to meete them that brought him. Others also vnderstanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner: they came out of all parts of the campe to see him, some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying, that it was not done like himself so cowardly to be taken aliue of the barbarous people, for feare of death. When they came neare together, Antonius staid awhile bethinking himself how he should

vse Brutus. In the meane time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said: Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, aliue or dead: he will be found like himselfe. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, said vnto them: My companions, I thinke ye are sorie you haue failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For in stead of an enemy, you haue brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me Brutus aliue, truly I can not tell what I should haue done to him. For, I had rather haue such men my friends, as this man here, then enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time deliuered him to one of his friends in custodie; and Lucilius euer after serued him faithfully, euen to his death. . . . . And for Porcia, Brutus wife; Nicolaus the Philosopher, and Valerius Maximus do write, that she determining to kill her selfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keepe her from it) tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe. There was a letter of Brutus found written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill her selfe; chusing to die, rather then to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well that time, sith the letter (at the least if it were Brutus letter) doth plainely declare the disease and loue of this Ladie, and also the manner of her death.

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

TIMON OF ATHENS

WITH ANOTHER PLAY
ON TIMON FROM A MS.
OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

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INTRODUCTION.

"TIMON OF ATHENS" was first printed in the folio of 1623, and it is usually regarded as one of Shakespeare's later works, written about the year 1610. Plutarch, in his "Life of Antony," tells that Antony, after the battle of Actium, lived for a while alone on the sea shore, resolving to imitate Timon. Upon that hint Plutarch introduced into the life of Antony a short account of Timon; it has been thought that this may have caught Shakespeare's attention when he drew from the life of Antony in Plutarch, so that *Timon of Athens* was taken for the subject of a later play than *Antony and Cleopatra*. There is also one anecdote of Timon in Plutarch's "Life of Alcibiades."

But Timon the Misanthrope was a well-known theme for story-tellers in the time of Shakespeare. The twenty-eighth Novel in the first volume of Painter's "Palace of Pleasure"—taken from Plutarch's "Life of Antony"—was "Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankinde, with his death, buriall, and epitaphe." In an old play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine*, printed in 1601, is the line, "Come, I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens;" and there is ascribed to about the same date an academic comedy on Timon which was extant only in MS. until it came into possession of Mr. Dyce, and was given by him to be printed for the original Shakespeare Society in 1842. As that

old play contains an allusion to Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," its date cannot be earlier than 1599. It is given in this volume as an appendix to Shakespeare's play, which resembles it only in having a steward Flavius (in the old play Laches) who seeks to restrain his master in the days of lavish waste, and holds by him when all is lost.

In the banquet wherewith Timon mocks his parasites, the old comedy directs a service of stones painted like artichokes, where Shakespeare has served dishes of lukewarm water. In the close of that scene, as Shakespeare gives it, the stones appear—

> "Lord Timon's mad!
> —— I feel 't upon my bones.
> One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones"—

and it has been thought that this was due to the influence of the old academic comedy. But the reader of these two plays will find it difficult to suppose that one owes anything to the other. The stone-throwing—without the banquet—is in Lucian's dialogue of "Timon, the Manhater," which ends with Timon pelting stones against the citizens drawn to him by tidings of his newly regained wealth.

It was Lucian who first brought into the tale Timon's discovery of treasure, and Lucian's treatment of the subject was the best to be found in literature before Shakespeare. Lucian opens with cry of Timon rising to Jove, accusing him of neglect to punish crimes against hospitality, friendship, society, and asking for himself, "Why dost thou let these ungrateful persons go without punishment who have abandoned me after they had devoured my whole estate, and who regard me not at all in my misery, whereas in prosperity they adored me? . . .

Now, therefore, being deprived of all blessings, and oppressed with all manner of calamities, I am forced here to philosophise with a spade and a mattock." Jove hears the cry, thinks Timon should have help from the gods, and sends Mercury for Plutus, who makes the particular objection that when Jove sends him again to Timon it is as if Jove sent him to pour water into a sieve. Mercury and Plutus descend with ironical talk of the relations of the God of Wealth to human affairs. They find about Timon and his mattock Poverty, with his companions Strength, Health, Wisdom, and Virtue. Poverty departs, yielding Timon up with sound body and mind, wise, laborious, vigilant, contemning luxury and vanity. Plutus fills the earth under Timon's spade with treasure of gold. The old self-seeking flatterers, hearing of this, come one by one to renew their false friendship; as each comes near enough, Timon replies with the mattock on his head or shoulders. At last, when troops of men seem to be following them out of the city, Timon mounts a hill to pelt them back again with stones.

Shakespeare's treatment of this old parable against fair-weather friends is not shaped in the spirit of a misanthrope. Sir Thomas North translated Plutarch as saying in the life of Antony that "because of the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, Timon was angry with all men, and would trust no man." The novel in the "Palace of Pleasure" gives no reason at all for Timon's misanthropy. He is no more than a misanthrope of "beastlie nature." This is Lucian's description of Timon:—"To speak the truth, his probity, humanity, and charity to the poor, have been the ruin of him; or rather, in fact, his own folly, easiness of disposition, and want of judgment in his choice of friends;

he never discovered that he was giving away his all to wolves and ravens. Whilst these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, eaten his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered." Or as Shakespeare's Timon himself says in the third scene of the Fourth Act,

> "Numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
> Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
> Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
> For every storm that blows."

Augustine Skottowe, in 1824, first pointed out, in the same scene, other apparent parallels with Lucian. In Lucian, when Timon strikes upon the treasure in the earth, he says, "It is, it must be, gold—fine yellow noble gold, heavy, and sweet to behold." So Timon,

> "What is here?
> Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold!"

In Lucian he says of the gold so found, "Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear, delightful treasure: now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover?" So Timon in Shakespeare,

> "Thou bright defiler
> Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
> Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
> Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
> That lies in Dian's lap!"

Lucian's Timon, when he resolves, despising and avoiding man, to shut himself up with his gold alone in a tower which shall be his habitation and his sepulchre, says, "I

will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or compassion : to pity the distressed or to relieve the indigent, I shall consider as a weakness, nay, as a crime ; my life, like the beasts of the field "—hence the phrase in Painter's title to his tale, of Timon's "beastlie misanthropy "—"shall be spent in solitude, and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beside as enemies and betrayers ; to converse with them were profanation ; to herd with them, impiety : accursed be the day that brings them to my sight." Compare this with Timon's admonition to his faithful steward when he makes him rich at the end of the Fourth Act.

Shakespeare thus divides the play into its Five Acts :—(1) Timon's excess of trust and want of measure in the full flow of his lavish liberality. (2) Timon's debts and his trust in friendship of the flatterers "feast-won, fast lost." (3) The answers Timon gets from his false friends. Ingratitude also of the senate to Alcibiades. Alcibiades turns against Athens in action, Timon in passion. Timon, at a mock banquet, pours scorn on his trencher friends. (4) Timon's want of measure in reaction from one form of excess to its opposite. The fidelity and love of those who have been of his household. Timon abhors man, and will live upon roots in the wilderness. In seeking roots, he digs gold and scatters it as a curse, scorning alike Alcibiades and Apemantus. When he gives gold as a blessing to the faithful steward, it is with a curse on all men else. And (5) Timon dies unreconciled to man. Alcibiades, become master of the destinies of Athens, yields to the pleading of the senate, listens to reason, and foregoes revenge.

A play so planned condemns misanthropy. A generous nature wanting the restraint of reason is passionate in excess, gives largely for good ends—to free this man from

prison, to crown love by furnishing the dowry that will buy its crown ; gives also largely for less good ends by over-payment in gifts to return gifts, by acceptance of all shows of friendship with a prompt

> "Give me your hand ;
> We must needs dine together ;"

Timon's dinners being feasts that are not feasts of reason. followed by outpouring of a casketful of jewels upon his table companions. His elation is without control—"to counsel deaf, but not to flattery"—and his dejection is as absolute ; there is no middle state. True life is happy in the golden mean. The disease of a rich nature in Timon is of nobler strain than the inbred churlishness of Apemantus, who sees only the low things of life, and thinks it philosophy to see no more—called Cynic from the dog, in days, perhaps, when dogs had not yet grown to be the friends of man, or were too little known in their true character. Apemantus has an eye only for faults, and he can define sharply the fault of Timon : "The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends."

Alcibiades, whose story of resentment of ingratitude is interwoven with that of his friend Timon, is an able man of action and a soldier of hot blood, with friendly temper. His resentment is by action on the world outside himself, and not by torture of the mind within. He marches with his mistresses, whose greed of gold is like that of the rest. But for Timon's want of Temperance, he is of lower nature, yet being more practical achieves the better end. So Fortinbras, mere man of action, is below Hamlet, but for want of Resolution Hamlet passes away and Fortinbras is king. Thus Alcibiades, who takes the world but

as the world, has power in the close of Timon's story. He is placable, and listens to the plea,

> "We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
> The common stroke of war."

"We were not all unkind," the steward Flavius and all the servants of his household might have shown to Timon. The good Flavius defined his master's error not with the bitterness of Apemantus, but in words of affection—

> "Never mind
> Was surely so unwise, to be so kind."

In the second scene of the Fourth Act we have kindly fellowship of the servants in Timon's deserted house—

> "All broken implements of a ruined house.
> Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery."
>
> "Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
> Let's yet be fellows."

They have lived under Timon's roof to become humble friends while he was feasting flatterers, and, says Flavius—

> "Who'd be so mocked with glory as to live
> But in a dream of friendship?"

There is more friendship born in six hours of a common home-companionship than in sixty sittings at state banquets. Much, but not everything, goes wrong with men. Let us keep our even way like Alcibiades, faulty enough ourselves when at the best; with short-lived anger at the wrongs we suffer, prompt to withdraw our hands from full revenge, although it be within our grasp. We must learn, as the last words of the play suggest—they are the words of Alcibiades—to use

> "the olive with the sword:
> Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
> Prescribe to other, as each other's leech"

H. M.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*
LUCIUS, } *Lords, and*
LUCULLUS, } *flatterers of*
SEMPRONIUS, } *Timon.*
VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*
FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
FLAMINIUS, } *Servants to*
LUCILIUS, } *Timon.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIUS, *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
Servants of Varro, and Isidore, two of Timon's Creditors.
Three Strangers.
An Old Athenian, a Page, and a Fool.

PHRYNIA, } *Mistresses to*
TIMANDRA, } *Alcibiades.*

Cupid and Amazons in the Masque.
Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, & Attendants.

SCENE—ATHENS and the Woods near by.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you 're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known;
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend! I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 't is a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixed.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. "When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."

Mer. 'T is a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipped idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourished : the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.—What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.—Let 's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is : This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch ; is 't good ?

Poet. I 'll say of it, It tutors nature : artificial strife Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage.

Pain. How this lord is followed !

Poet. The senators of Athens :—happy man !

Pain. Look,—more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax : no levelled malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds—
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality—tender down
Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feigned Fortune to be throned ; the base o' the mount
Is ranked with all deserts, all kinds of natures
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states ; amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckoned from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late—
Some better than his value—on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which laboured after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'T is common.
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the Servant of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him;* LUCILIUS *and other Attendants following.*

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius!—Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off

My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help—
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Luc. [*coming forward.*] Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man

That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.

Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,

And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and Old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He 's but outside; these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it; wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extolled,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give; but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizéd by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mocked.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here:
Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He 'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus?
Apem. Thou know'st I do; I called thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it; take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet 's that ?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,
Till I have thanked you ;—and, when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir !

Apem. So, so ; there !—
Achés contract and starve your supple joints !—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy ! The strain of man 's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir :
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accurséd thou, that still omitt'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He 's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries
That ever governed man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending: then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other Athenian Senators, with* VENTIDIUS, *whom Timon released from prison, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honoured Timon.
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,

And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in graceful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there 's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confessed it—

Apem. Ho, ho, confessed it? hanged it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humour there
Does not become a man, 't is much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est,*
But yond man, he is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian; therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men;
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. [*to a Lord who drinks to him.*] My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here 's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*
Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.—

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.—

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus

far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and are come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom.
Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They 're welcome all: let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit* CUPID.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you 're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depravéd, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You 've added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,
And entertained me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID *and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him well, i' faith, I should,
When all 's spent, he 'd be crossed then, an he could.
'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, *with the casket.*

Tim. O my friends, I have one word to say to you.
Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They 're fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why, then, another time I 'll hear thee.
I pr'ythee,
Let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapped in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertained.

Enter a third Servant.

How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he 's so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.

3 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord, I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.—I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitched field.

Alcib. Ay, defiléd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endeared—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell;
and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So thou wilt not hear me now,—
Thou shalt not then,—I 'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
Ten able horses. No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on 's fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tossed and turned to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense
That he will neither know how to maintain it
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we 'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly.—

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and Lords.*

[*To* FLAVIUS.] Come hither: pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encountered

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:

Your importunity cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—

See them well entertained. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS *and Fool.*

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 't is to thyself. — [*To the Fool.*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. [*To* VAR. *Serv.*] There 's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where 's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Ser. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Apem. Even so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Serv. Aside, aside: here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman;—sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, prayed you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom nor so slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'T is all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppressed
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Lord Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.

Tim. Come, sermòn me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crowned,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes. I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other Servants.*

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You [*to Servilius*], to Lord Lucius;—[*to Flaminius*] to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—[*to another*] you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside.*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? humph!

Tim. [*To another Servant.*] Go you, sir, to the senators,—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing,—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wished—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is caked, 't is cold, it seldom flows
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To another Servant.*] Go to Ventidius. — [*To Flavius.*] 'Pr'ythee, be not sad;
Thou art true and honest: ingeniously I speak;
No blame belongs to thee. — [*To that other Servant.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he 's stepped
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five talents. [*Exit Servant.*
[*To Flavius.*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Ne 'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Flav. I would, I could not think it: that thought's bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Athens. A Room in the House of Lucullus.

Flaminius *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

Servant. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*]—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir,

which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—'nothing doubting,' says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well; good parts in thee.—[*To the Servant.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Servant.*]—Draw nearer, honest

Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damnéd baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turned to poison?
May disease only work upon 't, and when
He's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who? the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Strang.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Strang.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

2 *Strang.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour shown in 't

For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—[*To* LUCIUS.] My honoured lord,—

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well. Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion, now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the meantime he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

1 *Strang.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Strang.* Ay, too well.

1 *Strang.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's sport. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And Timon kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages; he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Strang.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Strang.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And for his honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me
I would have put my wealth into donation
And the best half should have returned to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Athens. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Hum! 'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemed from prison: all these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, they
Have all been touched, and found base metal; for
They 've all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgraced me in 't: I 'm angry at him,

That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I 'd such a courage to do him good. But now
Return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic,—he cross'd himself by 't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot, ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's last hope; now all are fled,

Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employed
Now to guard sure their master:
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Two Servants of VARRO, *and the Servant of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other Servants to* TIMON'S *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

1 *Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow. Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him;
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's;
But not, like his, recoverable. I fear,
'T is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns. What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand, mine.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equalled.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius,—Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough. Why then preferred you not
Your sums and bills when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down the interest
Into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader

than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take it on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What! are my doors opposed against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care: go
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Athens. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it: the fault 's
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine who, in hot blood,
Hath stepped into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,—
An honour in him, which buys out his fault,—
But, with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touched to death,
He did oppose his foe;
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they laboured
To bring manslaughter into form, and set
Quarrelling upon the head of valour: which
Indeed is valour misbegot, and came
Into the world when sects and factions
Were newly born. He 's truly valiant
That wisely can suffer the worst that man
Can breathe, and make his wrongs but his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? not sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? For if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords!
As you are great, be pitifully good.
Who cannot condemn rashness, in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! His service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What 's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, 'has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; he

Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no more foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions. 'T is inferred to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;

It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts:—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds? Ha, banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banished:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter at several doors divers Lords, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *Senators, and* VENTIDIUS.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions

did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—[*To them.*] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay:

feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly. O, the trumpets sound; we shall to 't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah! my good friend,—what cheer?

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What 's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'T is so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does; but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. —The rest of your foes, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for

destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water,
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last,
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:—

[*Throws the dishes at them.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast

Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house ! sink, Athens ! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity ! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords ?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury ?

3 *Lord.* Push ! did you see my cap ?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat :—did you see my jewel ?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap ?

2 *Lord.* Here 't is.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let 's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon 's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth
And fence not Athens! Matrons turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,

Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live !—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty,
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I 'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou détestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !
Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low !
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward,—where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses picked; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruined house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leaked is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mocked with glory? or so live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnished friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blessed, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:
I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Woods. Before TIMON's Cave.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blesséd breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity!
Below thy sister's orb infect the air!
Twinned brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not his nature

To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord,—
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man 's a flatterer?' If one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smoothed by that below: the learnéd pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our curséd natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!—
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha, you gods, why, this—what this, you gods?—
why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench: this, this is it,
That makes the wappened widow wed again;
She whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damnéd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a
drum?—Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping back some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife in warlike manner; and* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art.—The canker gnaw
thy heart

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum:
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now: then was a blesséd time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs and baths: bring down rose-cheekéd youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drowned and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and grieved
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou hast conquered!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honoured age for his white beard:
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers;
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And, to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary. Thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead:—some that were hanged,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them. Whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold.—What then?—
Believe 't, that we 'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man! strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curled-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarred braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There 's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike !

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all ; whose selfsame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venomed worm,
With all the abhorréd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine :
Yield him who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented !—O, a root,—dear thanks !—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected ;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive

By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ear, like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 't is most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee I 'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these mossed trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,

Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crowned before;
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being.
Worse than the worst content,
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasped, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learned
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugared game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flattered thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I 'll mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botched;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hiréd harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert

german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue!
I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world, and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*Looking on the gold.*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 't were so;
But not till I am dead!—I 'll say, thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.

Tim. Thronged to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* APEMANTUS.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold?
It is some fragment, some slender ort of his

remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'T is his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves professed, that you work not
In holier shape; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement; each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have unchecked theft. Love not yourselves; away!
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:
Break open shops; nothing can you steal, but thieves
Do lose it. Steal not less, for this I give you;
And gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

[*Retires to his cave.*

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'T is in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods?
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing; monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
O, what an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!

What vilder thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wished to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest men about me; ay, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer: then, I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, aad now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—

For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle covetous ;
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late.
You should have feared false times when you did feast :
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love :
Duty and zeal to your unmatchéd mind,
Care of your food and living, and, believe it,
My most honoured lord :
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so.—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy ;
But thus conditioned ; thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all ; show charity to none,

But let the famished flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar ; give to dogs
What thou deniest to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing ; be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not ; fly, whilst thou art blessed and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—The Woods. Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour hold for true, that he 's so full of gold ?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor, straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'T is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 't is not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Enter TIMON, *from his cave.*

Tim. [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet and come too late.

Pain. True:
When the day serves, before black-cornered night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside.*] I'll meet you at the turn.
What a god's gold,
That he is worshipped in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam;

Settlest admiréd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Ha'ing often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fallen off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorréd spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I 'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travailed in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have; speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, it's not monstrous in you; neither wish I

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You 'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assured,
That he 's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let 's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—
Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[*To the Painter.*] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—[*To the Poet.*] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon,—
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out rascal dogs!

[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

Enter FLAVIUS *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our pact and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'T was time and griefs

That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hanged:
For each true word a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterising to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace,—

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir, thus:—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war,
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,—
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer; for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not: all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achés, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:

I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath

2 *Sen.* I like this well ; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it ; tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further ; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again ; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachéd verge of the salt flood ;
Whom once a day with his embosséd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Retires to his Cave.*

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou 'st painfully discovered: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I 've spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.—

The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Woods. TIMON's Cave, and a rude Tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span:
Some beast made this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An aged interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades *and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wandered with our traversed arms, and breathed
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, 'No more': now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love,
By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your grief; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, schools, should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithèd death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited Then, dear countryman,

Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thine Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have sealed thy full desire.

Alcib. Then, there 's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be rendered to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets it for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] '*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:*

Seek not my name; a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:

Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

ANOTHER PLAY ON TIMON

Written in or after the year 1600.

ANOTHER PLAY ON TIMON.

From a MS. of Shakespeare's Time.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Enter TIMON and LACHES.

Tim. Laches, hast thou receau'd my rents?
Lach. Master, I haue,
And brought in sacks filled with goulden talents:
Is't your pleasure that I cast them into pryson?
Tim. Into pryson! whye soe?
Lach. Lett your chests be the pryson,
Your locks the keeper, and your keyes the porter,
Otherwise they'le fly away, swyfter then birds or wyndes.
Tim. I will noe miser bee.
Flye, gould, enioye the sunn beames! 'tis not fitt
Bright gould should lye hidd in obscuritie;
I'le rather scatter it among the people:
Lett poore men somewhat take of my greate plenty;
I would not haue them greiue that they went empty
From Timons threshould, and I will not see
My pensive freinds to pine with penurie.
Lach. Who beares a princelie mynd needes princelie wealth,
Or ells hee'le wither like a rose in springe,
Nought wilbe left but thornes of povertie.
Master, thou art noe kinge, noe prince; doe well
Vnto thie selfe, and all is well.
Tim. Thou speakest like thie selfe, and in thy kinde:
Lett those that are borne slaues beare abiect minds.
I Timon am, not Laches.
Lach. I, poore Laches,
Not Timon; yf I were, I would not see
My goodes by crowes devoured as they bee.
Tim. I'st euen soe, my learned counsaylor?
Rule thou this howse, be thou a cittizen
Of Athens; I thy seruant will attend;
Thou shalt correct me as thy bond slaue; yes,
Thou shalt correct me, Laches; I will beare
As fitts a slaue. By all the gods I sweare,

Bridle thy tounge, or I will cutt it out,
And turne thee out of dores.
Lach. Because I speake
The truth.
Tim. But, peace once, once more, I saye.
Lach. Yes, I'le not mutter ; I'le as silent bee
As any counsaylor without his ffee.
Tim. Inglorious dayes leade they, whose inwarde parts
Apollo hath not made of better claye.
It is to me a tryumph and a glorye,
That people fynger point at me, and saye,
This, this is he that his lardge wealth and store
Scatters among the comons and the poore ;
Hee doth not sitt at home and hugg himselfe,
Rubbing his greedy right hand with his gould,
Whilst poore men theire misfortunes doe deplore
Vnder the open ayre. Laches, bestrowe
The streetes with gould, and lett the people knowe
How bountifull the hands of Timon are.
Lach. Soe Joue me loue, I had rather rotten eggs
Or stincking ordure cast vpon theire heades. [*Aside.*
Tim. The noyse ascends to heau'n; Timons greate name
In the gods eares resounds, to his greate fame.
This I heare willinglie ; and 'tis farre sweeter
Then sound of harpe, or any pleasant meetre :
I, magnified by the peoples crye,
Shall mount in glorye to the heuens high. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Knocking at Timons dore. Enter EUTRAPELUS, *and* ABYSSUS *the Vsurer following him ; then enter* TIMON *and* LACHES.

Eut. Loue, pleasure, joye, delight dwell in this howse.
How farest thou, my humane Jupiter ?
What, art thou joviall ?
Tim. I envye not Joue himselfe.
Eut. By Venus lapp I sweare, thou seem'st to mee
To bee too sadd. Why walk'st thou not the strectes ?
Thou scarce art knowne in tenn tavernes yett :
Subdue the world with gould. See'st thou this ffeind ?
Tim. What is hee ?

Eut. A gryping vsurer, Abyssus named :
That man that knowes him not will scarce belieue
What a dam'd knaue he is. I with my cloake
Muffled my face, myne hatt puld o're myne eyes ;
I walked through the byewayes of the towne,
The Schooles, the Cinqueports, the markett places ;
By nookes and crookes I went ; yett this bloudhound
Sents, swyftlie followes, hath me at a baye,
Nor hath departed from my side this daye.
Tim. His loue's officious.
Aby. Eutrapelus, pay me my mony.
Eut. Di'st euer heare a cuckowe of a note
More inauspicious ?
Aby. Pay what thou ow'st, Eutrapelus.
Thou from my clamour neuer shalt goe free :
Where e're thou go'st, I still will followe thee,
An indiuiduall mate ; when thou shalt dyne,
I'le pull thye meate out of thie very mouth ;
When thou wilt sleepe, I'le flye about thy bedd,
Like to a nyght mare ; no, I will not lett
Thyne eyes to slumber or take any rest.
Eut. Proceed'st thou still with thy ostreperous noyse ?
Soe helpe me Bacchus, I had rather see
Medusas heade, the dreadfull basiliske,
Hobgob[l]ins, yea, infernall Cerberus.
Foh, turne him out of dores, least he infect
The whole howse with the odor of his breath.—
Out, out thou stinckard, mans grand enemye !
Aby. Our controuersye law shall soone decide.
Thou shalt perceaue what a fellowe I am :
I'le make the[e] looke wormes through the pryson grates,
Vnlesse thou satisfie to me my debt
In good and lawfull mony.
Eut. By greate Bellonas sheild, by th' thunderbolt
Of Panomphæan Joue, by Neptunes mace,
By the Acroceraunian mountaines,
And by the glistering jemms of thye redd nose
Goe hence, or els I'le crush thee like a crabb.
Looke to thy selfe, thou damned vsurer :
Looke to thy selfe ; I gyue thee fayre warning.
Aby. Thou shalt not fright me with thye bugbeare wordes ;
Thye mountaines of Acroceraunia,
Nor yett thy Panomphæan Joue I ffeare :
I aske what is my owne.
Eut. Thou logg, thou stock, thou Arcadian beast,
Know'st thou not what 't is to be honored ?

Is't not a creditt and a grace to haue
Me be thy debtour?
Lach. Leaue him not, Abyssus. [*Aside to Abyss.*
Oh, how I long for the confusion
Of this same rascall that confounds our howse!
Aby. Thou showld'st haue paid the ffirst of the Calends;
'Tis now the third day.
Lach. Send for the serients. [*Aside to Abyss.*
Eut. Timon, lend me a litle goulden dust,
To ffree me from this ffeind; some fower talents
Will doe it.
Tim. Yea, take ffyue: while I haue gould,
I will not see my ffreinds to stand in neede.
Eut. Heroicke spiritt, I will thee adore,
And sacrifice to thee in ffranckinsence!
Lach. I scarcelie am my selfe, I am starke madd:
The gods and goddesses confound this scabb! [*Aside.*
Eut. Come hither: what's the totall somme?
Aby. This bill
Will certifie you, yf you read it.
Eut. Come not too neere;
I ffeare that shyning ignis fatuus,
Which the lampe of thie nose doth beare aboute:
Approch thou not too nigh. Two hundred pownds:
Well thou shall haue it at the next exchainge;
Then there of me thy debt thou shalt receaue.
Aby. If not, the pryson thee. [*Exit.*
Eut. The apple of Tantalus now followe thee!—
O sweet'st of things, thou hast reedeem'd thy ffreind!
In myrth and iollitie this daye I'le spend. [*Hee sings.*
Tim. Eutrapelus, thou hold'st thyne owne: but why
Wearst thou a plume of ffeathers in thy hatt?
Art thou a louer or a souldier?
Eut. Bee souldiers they that list: rather, I thinck,
Its safer farr to quaffe, carouse, and drinck,
And to embrace a lasse at my owne home.
Tim. True; where the pot's thy pyke.

. . . . .

Eut. Th'art in the right. . .

. . . .

This plume of ffeathers shee did gyue to me,
As a conspicuous symbole of her loue.
Tim. Truely, a worthy guift. But, surely, Venus
Was not a ffreind to my nativitie:
I oft haue watcht at my sweete harts dore,
And offer'd up whole hecatombes of teares

I putt on black apparell; at midnight
Plaid at her window; on my sweete string'd lute
I sung her loue songs; nothing could her moue;
But when shee sawe the shyning gould, "My loue,
Whye stand'st thou heere? what's my gate a bandogg?
My hony, gyue me this; nay, yf thou lou'st me,
I prithee, gyue it me;" her gowne is rent,
Or ells shee stands in neede of a gould ringe;
Somethinge shee wants, to craue shee wilbe bould;
The man shee loues not, but shee loues his gould.

Eut. By Joue, thou know'st theire cunning to a hayre.
But, Timon, shall I thirst within thie house?
I haue not wett my lipps with wyne this daye.

Tim. Come, lett vs in; wee will not want for drincke.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter GELASIMUS, *and* PÆDIO *his page; a table and a looking glass.*

Gel. Pædio, behould me, Pædio; are not my lookes grauer then they were? is not my countenance full of gravitie?

Pæd. As graue as a seuere Areopagite, with his contracted eyebrowes.

Gel. Ha, ha, he! wy wytty knaue, dost thinck I shall euer be an Areopagite?

Pæd. But stay awhile till your beard growe bigger; otherwise old men wilbe ashamed to be ouercome in counsayle and vnderstanding by one that is barbatulous.

Gel. Ha, ha, he! how I my selfe content my selfe! I wholly am pleased with my selfe, from the sole of my foote to the crowne of my head; soe the Graces loue me, I could willinglie kisse my selfe. Heere, take my cloake, while I viewe my selfe awhile: see, heere's a looking glasse. [*Takes the glass.*] Lord, what goulden teeth haue I! what a purple coulored face! did'st euer see things more correspondent?

Pæd. Your anckles be to litle.

Gel. The more gentlemanlike; I shall not be a fatt greasy plebeian.
What speake the virgines of me, canst thou tell?

Pæd. They terme you delight of men, white boye,
Noble without comparison—what not?
This the like eyes, that the like nose desires;
This your cheekes, and that your leggs.
Gel. Pædio,
See that my chamber dores be barred fast;
For I am fearefull, least that, when I sleepe,
Some of theis ffemales pilfre me awaye.
Did I relate to thee (I know not), or hast heard
I am a cozen german vnto Venus?
Pæd. Master, why sigh you soe a nights?
Gel. I loue.
Pæd. Noe marveyle, that art lou'd of soe many.
Gel. I knowe not whether I am lou'd or noe.
Pæd. Cannot you sleepe for loue?
Gel. Why, noe.
Pæd. Not you,
That are soe rich in ffarmes, statelie howses,
Whome your rich father left his only heyre?
Gel. Thancks to the gods, I am not of the raggs
Or fagg end of the people; Pædio, see,
I haue a gould ring with a iemm and signett.
Pæd. How daintylie theis iemms becomes your fyngers!
Gel. Did'st euer see the armes my sheild doth beare?
Pæd. I well remember them.
Gel. My knaue, relate them.
Pæd. Three guilded thistles.
Gel. Well.
Pæd. Three fatt asses,
Drawen out the desarts of Arabia.
Gel. Soe.
Pæd. Two boares with gilded stones in a feild.
Gel. Bloudy. But the crest, dost thou remember that?
Pæd. My selfe not better; a white owle.
Gel. Am I not fortunate?
Pæd. Soe the gods would haue it:
But stay; see who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter PSEUDOCHEUS *to them.*

Pseud. Hayle, Athens! Thancks to propitious Joue,
Thancks to Minerua! Welcome may I be,
Who, mounted on a wodden horse, this daye
Arriued at Pyræum.
Gel. Dost heare him, Pædio?
He sayth he rode vpon a wodden horse.
That I had such a one! dost thou knowe where
Are any wodden horses to be sould,
That neede noe spurrs nor haye? Ile aske this strainger.
Pæd. H'st, master, stay!
Master, what say you to a hobby horse?——
But he doth meane a shipp, and not a horse. [*Aside.*
Gel. What sayest thou, my boye?
Pseud. Ile playe vpon this fellow, I knowe him well enough.—— [*Aside.*
Good gods, how many idly sitt at home,
Like to lame coblers, and doe neuer see
More earth or sea than that where they were borne!
Gel. Hee meanes not me; I Sparta once beheld
From a high turrett.
Pseud. I with my ffeete haue pac'd the world about.
Gel. Ile buye this flying horse and wandring ffeete.
Pseud. The Pyrenean mountaynes, though that there
I with my right hand toucht the very clouds,
Deuoring gulfs, nor quicksands of the sea,
Did e're fright me; at Gades I washt away
Non vltra writt with Hercules owne hand;
Pacing the myles of Europe, Asia,
And Affrica, my wearied bones at last
Are here arriued, and here my labours end.
Gel. Shall I speake to him, Pædio? he seemes
A man of greate accompt, that hath oreveiu'd
Soe many countreyes: what shall I saye first?
Shall I salute him after our manner?
Pseud. A spruce, neate youth: what, yf I affront him? [*Aside.*
Gel. Good gods, how earnestlie doe I desire
His ffellowshipp! was I e're so shamefac't?
What yf I send and gyue to him my cloake?
Pseud. What shall I saye? I saw his face at Thebes
Or Sicilie? [*Aside.*
Gel. Ile send it. Pædio,
Gyue him this cloake: salute him in my name;

H'st, thou may'st tell him, yf thou wilt, how rich
My ffather was. [*Aside to Pædio.*
Pæd. I come to thee a badging messenger:
Our Lord Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill
Sends thee a cloake, a signe of his good will.
Gel. Oh, that he takes it kindlie! [*Aside.*
Pseud. A cloake! and why a cloake?
Pæd. There was not in all Athens, while he liu'd,
A ritcher then his ffather.
Pseud. What, as a token of his loue, say'st thou?
Returne this answeare to that noble youth;
I, Pseudecheus from the Bloody Tower,
Doe wish him more than twenty thowsand healthes;
Who e're he be, be he more ffortunate
Then they that liue in the Iles Fortunate,
Or in the ffloorishing Elizian feilds;
May he drinck nectar, eate ambrosia!
Gel. How daintylie his speech flowes from him! [*Aside.*
Pseud. Tell him I will salute him.
Pæd. The straingar, sir, desires to salute you.
Gel. That's my desire: I will meete him.
Pseud. I will affront him. [*Aside.*
Gel. I wish admittance of societie.
Pæd. Foh, how this proffered seruice stincks! [*Aside.*
Pseud. I thee admitt, thou needst not be ashamed;
I seeme lesse than I am; who hath lurk'd close
Hath liued well.
Pæd. Liue yee soe well, yee that are prysoners?
Yee closely lurke, I know that well. [*Aside.*
Pseud. Though here sett I my ffoote without a guard,
I haue whole islands at my beck and nodd.
Gel. Lord, what a potent freind haue I obteyned!— [*Aside.*
What cuntreyman, I pray you, sir?
Pseud. A Wordling.
Gel. Wat a spatious countrey hath this man!
Athens is but a poynt compar'd to it. [*Aside.*
Pseud. Here is a neate cittie, statelie howses.
Gel. You neuer saw my howse in Rhamnuse streete?
I spent tenn powndes in paynting of my dores,
To make it knowne whose howse it was.
Pseud. I haue seene fayrer 'monge the Antipodes.
Gel. What, were you e're among th' Antipodes?
Pseud. About three yeres, six monethes, and fower dayes:
As I remember, I departed thence
Last day of March,—soe 'tis, last day of March,
My calender tells me the very hower.

Pæd. This is noe Worlding, hee's some Cretian. [*Aside.*
Gel. On ffoote, or horse, wents't thou this greate voyage?
Pseud. Vp to the ffeildes Gurgustidonian
I rode on horse back; the Antipodes
Were distant thence about an hundred myles;
There I being seene, the Pigmies fearefully
Fledd all awaye.
Gel. They took thee for some Centaure; ha, ha, ha!
Pseud. True, I perceaued it; did descend my horse;
I said I was a man; they humbly came;
One as a page I tooke, dismiss'd the rest.
Gel. If I among them were, would they accept
Mee for theire kinge?
Pseud. They would, yf I did send
With thee my letters commendatory.
Gel. Joue willing, I my iorney will beginn
Next month; and in the ffyrst yere of my raigne,
Thou, Pædio, shalt be a noble man.
Pseud. At last I came to the Antipodes.
Gel. What, before euen?
Pseud. Halfe an hower past six.
Gel. But what did they?
Pseud. They all amazed were,
Admire, concurre; they bringe me to theire kinge,
Where I was feasted, plac'd at his right hand.
Gel. For honours sake.
Pseud. When I departed thence,
This ringe he gaue me.
Gel. Prythee, lett me se it.
Wilt thou that wee exchainge, my Pylades?
Pseud. I am a man; Ile not denye my ffreind.—
By Joue, my ringe is made of brasse not gould. [*Aside.*

SCENE V.

Enter TYMON, EUTRAPELUS, HERMOGENES, LACHES.

Eut. Heere doe wee liue, and haue the world at will,
Fare dayntilie, drinck stiffly, lodge softyle:
If such delights be euen among the gods,

By Jupiter, I'le suffer both myne eares
To be bor'd thorough with a coblers awle.
Tim. My ffreinds shall drinck noe lees; with pleasant sack
My cupps shall flowe.
Eut. That, that is eu'n sweeter
Than the gods nectar.
Tim. I haue noe leekes or garlike at my table.
Eut. Wee ffeede on partridge, pheazant, plover, quaile,
Snipes, woodcocks, larks, ambrosia it selfe.
Tim. Is not he madd, that carefullie doth watch
A thowsand heapes of wheate, and dares not tast
One graine thereof? or he that drincketh lees,
Having his cellours fraught with pleasing wynes?
I'le vse my treasure, and possesse my wealth,
And spend my dayes in pleasure whilst I lyue:
Wee shall goe naked to our sepulchers,
And carry not one groate away with vs.
Eut. Thou speakst Sybilla's leafes. Yf I one doit,
Except one halfepeny, beare to my graue,
Lett Charon thrust me, as a greedy knaue,
Out of his boate forthwith into the lake!
Heare, Tymon: know'st thou what Hermogenes
Vndyned would haue? how well he sings and fidles?
[HERMOGINES *sings.*
Tim. Hermogenes, thou hast deseru'd thye dynner.
Her. Lett me haue it, then.
Lach. Whye suffer you this ffidler in your howse?
There's not a veryer knaue in all the towne:
Yf he depart not, master, by your leaue
I'le thrust him out of dores.
Tim. Is't eu'n so?—Come hither, Hermogenes:
Gyue him a cuffe, a sound box on the eare;
Bee not afraid.
Her. I am afraid of him,
Least he strike me againe.
Tim. Why stand'st thou soe?
Strike him, I saye.
Lach. But yf thou touche me, I——
Her. What then?
Lach. I'le dash thy braynes out with thy ffiddle.
Her. I will not touch him; Hercules himselfe
Would not abide his furious countnance.
Tim. Now strike, Hermogenes; his hands are bounde.
[*Tymon houlds him.*
Her. Lett mee see that; are they bound fast enough?
My hart is at the bottome of my hose.

Tim. Why dost thou thus delaye?
Her. Now, now I strike. [*Hee strikes him.*
Haue not I paid him soundlie?
Lach. O yee gods!
What shall I saye? yf health it selfe desire
To saue this familie, it cannot be.
Her. By Joue, I made him bellow like a bull.
Tim. Hermogenes, come hither: take this gould,
And buy the[e] braue apparrell: this same man
I'le gyue thee to attend thee.
Her. O happie day!
Eut. This fidler I envye.
Would Laches had forbidden me the howse!— [*Aside.*
Laches, dost see me, Laches? I am a knaue too, Laches.
Lach. Spend and consume; gyue gould to this, to all;
Your riches are immortall.
Tim. I'le pull thye eyes out, yf thou add one word.
Lach. But I will speake; yf I were blynd, I'de speake.
Tim. What, art thou soe magnanimous? Be gone;
The dore is open; freeze or sweate, thou knaue;
Goe, hang thie selfe!
Lach. Master, ffarewell. Is this my loues reward?
Varletts, farewell, hatefull to gods and men:
You lusty ffydler, yf I meete with thee,
I'le knock thye braines out. [*Exit.*
Her. Full glad am I hee's gon; I was afraid.
Tim. What dost thou with this totter'd habitt? I
Will haue thee proudlie goe in rich apparell;
Hould vp thye heade; I will maynteyne it.
Eut. This man this daye rose bottom vpwards, he
To daye a fidler, and at night a noble. [*Aside.*
Her. How I doe scorne theis raggs! I a fidler?
I goe a fidling? noe, not I, by Joue!
Sirra, I must cast of thy company;
[*He shews his gould, given by* TIMON.
Thou art noe fitt companion for me;
Thy face I knowe not; thou three farthing Jack,
Get fellowes like thye self; this, this is it
[*Shewes his gould againe.*
Makes me a noble man.—Dost heare me, Tymon?
When shall wee goe to dynner? I suppose
I haue a stomack like a dog.
Tim. Wee'le goe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, *and* PÆDIO *at one dore;* PHILARGURUS *and* BLATTE *at th'other.*

Gel. So Venus be propitious vnto me,
As I doe thinck my selfe oblig'd to thee!
O Pseudocheus, thou shalt presentlie
See how acutelie I haue profited!
Phil. Blatte, heere, take the keyes, barr fast the dores;
Vnlesse my spectacles deceaue my sight,
I see some straingers coming hitherward.
Gel. Dye lett me, yf I doe not thinck my selfe
An amiable youth.
Phil. Hast thou fast bard them?
Blat. Without your leaue here enters not a mouse.
Gel. How cleanely combd, how spruse and neate all o're!
Pseud. Thie loue lock, lett it dangle at the left eare;
Hould vp your head: soe, soe; a litle higher.
[*To* GELAS, *houlding his hand vnder his chynn.*
Gel. By Joue, thou hast an apt disciple; I
Sucked this aptnes from my nurses breasts.
Pseud. It is a synn to blush: be impudent.
Gel. I blush! I scorne to blush; by Jupiter,
I am noe Academian, noe ffoole.
Phil. Blatte, obserue least any clymbe the wall,
Vntyle my rafters, breake into my howse.
Blat. Bee not soe carefull; I'le looke to each place.
Pæd. Master, I see ould Philargurus stand
Before his dore.
Pseud. Salute the ould man.
Gel. Once and againe saue you, Philargurus!
Phil. What? whence art thou? what is thy busynes?
Gel. Speake, Pseudocheus, who I am. [*Aside to* PSEUD.
Pseud. This is a noble youth of Athens.
Phil. What howse?
Pseud. Rich Megadorus was his father.
Gel. The next howse to Pyræum was one of his.
Pseud. This was his heyre to a farthing.
Gel. What ere he had, he dying left to me;
Platters of gould, and cupps of siluer, ffarmes,
Townes, edifices, seruants, ploughes, and oxen.
Phil. Were you the sonne of Megadorus?
Gel. I am, or ells my mother did deceaue me.
Blat. Truelie, a neate youth, of a smyling looke:
O that he would woe me, and loue me too!

I am not yett soe ould to be dispis'd. [*Aside.*
Phil. I Megadorus did well know; sober
And thriftie man was he, rich in much gould,
Harty and prouident.
Gel. Hee my father was:
I am a blossome sprung from that same tree.
Phil. Giue me thy right hand:
Byrlady, sir, your lands are very greate.
Gel. I thanck my fortune, I am noe begger.
Phil. Hem, this man's rich enough to wedd my daughter.—
[*Aside.*
Where is thye wyfe?
Gel. What?
Phil. Thy mynd doth wander;
Art thou in loue?
Gel. In loue with your daughter;
I am besides my selfe for loue of her.
Pseud. True, I assure you: I can wytnes it;
Beleiue me, sir, I ne'ere saw with theis eyes
In all Arabia, Paphlagonia,
Syria, Thessalia, Persia,
Or in the orientall India,
A young man more in loue, not one so much.
Blat. This fellowes tounge hath travayld very ffarr. [*Aside.*
Pseud. See how, poore wretch, he doth amazed stand!
He makes me almost weepe.
Phil. Ne'ere sigh soe, man; ne're greiue or vex thye mynd.
Gel. If you consent, the maid I doe not ffeare.
Phil. I gyue consent.
Gel. You haue reuiued me.—
Did I not stand as dead as any stone?
[*Aside to* PSEUD. *and* PÆD.
Phil. Blatte, call me Callimela hither. [*Exit* BLATTE.
Pseud. Dost thou remember thy woeing lesson
That I this morning taught thee?
Gel. Yes, yes, yes;
Thats at my fingers ends, I warrant you.

Enter CALLIMELLA *et* BLATTE.

Phil. Conquer but her, the victorie is thyne.
Blat. Come Callimela; the expected tyme
Is now at hand; a neate daynty woer
Desires thy fruition.—O that I
Had such another would my love desire!—
Behold how sweetely he doth fframe his lookes!

Gel. Begone from me, I neede noe prompter I :
What is't ? I remember, I remember.—Ha, ha, he !
Phil. Why laugh'st thou so ?
Gel. Ha, ha, he !
Phil. Do'st mock my daughter ?
Gel. Ha, ha, he ! he knowes not the manner of the Antipodes,—ha, ha, he : Fa, la, la, la, la, la, sol, la, fa,—how dost thou, my doue ?—fa, la, la, la, sol, fa, la,—my marrow, my happy day !—fa, la, la, la, sol, la, me, re,—I loue thee, by Joue !—la, fa, la, la, me, re, sol, la,—thyne, not his owne, Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill,—la, la, la, la, la, sol, me, la, me, re, la, fa, sol, fa.
Cal. Stand of !
Gel. O Juno, be not angry with thy Joue !
Lett me but kisse thyne eyes, my sweet delight,
My sparrow, my hony, my duck, my cony.
Phil. Refuse thou not this youngmans loue ; hee's noble.
Gel. My Venus, ffrowne not soe.
Cal. You are deceaued ;
I am not Venus.
Gel. But, by Joue, thou art ;
Thou Venus art : why doe you it denye ?
Pseud. I well remember once I kissed Venus
In Paphos Ile, but I forgett her ffavour.
Gel. Thou Venus art ; I knowe thee to be Venus.—
H'st ; tell me what to saye.
Pseud. My hony, shall I tast of your delights ?
Gel. My hony, shall I tast of your delights ?
Cal. What, doe [you] thinck I am a hony sopp ?
Gel. Not I, by Joue.
Pseud. What a dull pate is this ! he nothing hath
That is his owne, but only this,—by Joue. [*Aside.*
Gel. Thou sweeter art then any hony sopp.
Cal. I'le fly thee therefore, for ffeare thou eate me.
Gel. I ! what, I eate thee !—H'st, h'st !
Pseud. I had rather dye with hunger.
Gel. I had rather dye with hunger,
I sweare by theis thy goulden cheekes.
Pseud. Ex'lent beyond compare !
Gel. I know not how to woe a virgine ! I,
How greate so e're I am, am a meere asse !
Am I not, Pædio ? art thou not proud
That thou on such a master dost attend ?
Phil. Speake, Callimela speake, speake, shamefac't girle
Doe thy affections consympathize ?
Blat. Forsooth, when I was like your Callimell,

(For I was like her), I had many sutours,
But foolisblie I did reject them all;
First, Traneo because his beard was red,
Albius cause beardles, Demetrius
Cause he was spindle shankt, and Curio
I did not ffauour because his long nose
Was an ympediment vnto his kissing;
But now, alas, I never more shall see
Such happie dayes!
Pseud. So, soe; goe on againe, and say thus to her,—
I yours am, sweete; answeare, I am thyne.
Gel. I yours am, sweete; answeare, I am thine.—
O how this ioyes my hart! More, more,
Sweete Pseudocheus, more!
Phil. Why musest thou?
Cal. Must I then, be a wyfe?
Phil. Thou shalt be, my owne girle, Callimella.
Cal. I muse which of vs two must master be,
I or my husband! I'le subiect my neck
To noe mans yoake. Is this a cittizen?
Phil. A wealthy one.
Cal. I shall the better rule:
The wyfes of cittizens doe beare the sway,
Whose very hands their husbands may not touch
Without a bended knee, and thinck themselves
Happie yf they obteyne but so much grace,
Within theire armes to beare from place to place
Their wyues fyne litle pretty foysting hounds;
They doe adore theire wyues; what ere they say,
They doe extoll: what ere they doe, they prayse,
Though they cornute them. Such a man gyue me!
Pseud. Do'st thou remember?
Gel. I am memorious:
What is the mountaine?
Pseud. Paphlagonia.
Gel. Paphlagonia, Paphlagonia.—
My rose, my lillie, are you yett resolued?
Vpon the mountaine Paphlagonia
There is a stone, which when the sunne doth rise
Shyneth like gould; at setting of the same,
Is soddenly made black.
Pseud. Apply, apply.
Gel. I am the stone: when I behould thye face,
I seeme as gould; yf thou the same once hide,
I am made black. Sweete hart, do'st thou loue me?
Phil. Speake, Callimella; speake, and doe not blush.

Gel. I yours am, sweete; answeare, I am thyne.—
Did I not speake it in a fitting tyme? [*Aside to* PSEUD.
Cal. What thinge doth please my father, pleaseth me.
Gel. I knowe shee loues mee; as I liue, I haue
A face imperious.
Cal. But this obserue,—
I wilbe called mistress, not wyfe.
Gel. Thou shalt be called Hellena, a queene.—
How saist thou? hath not Venus ben my ffreind?
[*Aside to* PSEUD.
Pseud. I wish you both the loue of turtledoues.
Gel. Soe Joue me loue, I am soe overioyed,
I scarce knowe where I am.—What, may I kisse?
[*Aside to* PSEUD.
Pseud. I'le carry her a kisse: to kisse 'tweere synn
Before the nuptiall celebration.
Gel. Is this a vse too 'monge the Antipodes?
This scarcelie pleaseth me.—I, Callimele,
Send thee a kisse, I, thy Gelasimus:
When I am married I will alsoe kisse.
To morrow I will bring thee to my townes:
Thou shalt my landes and large revenues see,
How many sheepe and oxen I doe ffeede,
How many seruants are at my commaund,
My parks, and paynters posts before my dores.
What sayest thou, my mistresse and my queene?
Phil. Make ready for the nuptialls: this night
My Callimele and I will supp at home.
[*Exeunt* PHIL. *and* CAL.
Gel. How louinglie shee turned back her eyes!
Blat. Youngmen, farewell; I am this maids keeper.
Gel. Farewell, most auncient keeper.
Blat. If I can pleasure you in any thinge,
I am at your commaund: once more, ffarewell. [*Exit.*
Pseud. What shall wee doe, Gelasimus?
Gel. With all speede wee will goe to Timons howse,
Where feasts with myrth and laughter doe abound:
Come, lett vs goe; I cannot brooke delaye,
Till I haue tould them of my wedding daye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LACHES, *and* HERMOGENES *with a guilt rapier.*

Lach. My face I haue disfigured, that vnknowne
I may againe be plac'd in Timons howse:
Laches is turn'd to a souldier,
A resolute hackster with his scarrs and sword;
My wiskers hanging o're the ouerlipp;
All things agree.—Hoi! what a spunge comes here!
How spruse he is! whom see I? the ffidler
That gaue me such a box; the very same.
Her. What man would saye that I am a fidler?
I Hermogenes? where are my rent shoes?
Torne raggs? my ffidle? what this? my fiddle case?
[*He lookes on his rapier.*
Good people, doe I wake, or doe I sleepe?
I cannot thinck my selfe Hermogenes.
Lach. I'le make thee feele thy selfe Hermogenes.
[*He beats him, and hoodwincks him.*
Her. Oh, oh! why dos't thou beate me soe? why, why
Do'st thou thus hoodwinck me? Let me not lyue,
If that I am Hermogenes. The gods
I call to wytnes, I ne're wrong'd any.
What do'st thou? I was borne this day; this day
I ffirst saw light.
Lach. My name is Nemesis.
Her. O sweete, sweete Nemesis, what wouldst thou haue?
Lach. I am thy euill spyritt!
Her. What, two of yee?
Oh, spare me, good evill spyritt!
Lach. No, no;
Thou shalt be beate because thou art a knaue.
Her. Oh, oh, sweete Nemesis!
Lach. I'le pluck thie eyes out.
Her. O good ill spiritt, doe not soe torment mee!
Oh, oh!
Lach. Farewell, ffidler; ffarewell, Hermogenes.
Her. What did he saye? ffarewell? I know not well
Whether I lyue or noe: 'tis well, I breathe.
O Joue, O sunne, suffer you this sinne?
Send Mercury from Heauen to helpe me!
Blinde I am, altogeather blynd; I see
Nothing but darke. O heauens, O earth, O seas!
Lach. Good gods, from what a deadlie warr scapt I!
Holbeards were charg'd, and swords against me drawen:

I with my buckler did receaue the blowes.
Her. Good souldier, pyttie a poore blynd man.
Lach. Who art?
Her. Nemesis hath pluc't myne eyes out.
Lach. What Nemesis?
Her. My euill spiritt: I am
More blynde than any mole; prythee, leade me
To Timons howse.
Lach. Thou art not blynd; some man hath hoodwinckt thee.
Her. Neuer perswade me; I am blynd I knowe;
My eyes are out.
Lach. I will restore thy sight;
Feare nothing. What, dost thou see as yet? yet?
Her. O yee immortall gods! I see, I see!
Well done, O souldier! I gyue the[e] thancks.
Lach. I am not ffedd with thancks: what dost thou gyue?
Her. Come, I will make thee one of Timons howse.

SCENE III.

Enter to them TIMON, EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, *and* PSEUDOCHEUS.

Her. Tenn Furies puld my eyes out, tenn, by Joue:
This souldier restor'd my sight againe.
What, shalhe be thy seruant?
Tim. What's thy name?
Lach. Machætes.
Tim. Bee thou true; I receaue thee.
Gel. Saue yee, nobles;—saue you, Timon, saue you:—
Eutrapelus, how fare you? iouiall?
Tim. Thou seem'st more neate than thou wast wont to be.
Gel. I am more merry. Knowe yee this same man?
Tim. I ne'ere beheld his face before: what's he?
Gel. This man is rare, and hath noe paralell:
Hath travaild Africa, Arabia,
And the remotest iles; yea, there's noe nooke
Or crooke in land or sea, but he hath seene.
Tim. What, in a table geographicall?
Gel. I pray yee, note the man.
Eut. Hee doth so finger-beate his breast, I thinck
Hee is about to call his hart out.
Tim. What doth he murmure thus? fframes he verses?

T'were synn to interrupt him.
Gel. No, not soe.—
Pseudocheus,
Theis noble sparkes desires your company.
Pseud. Saue yee.
I was transported cleane beyond my selfe
With contemplacion of my Pegasus;
Wounders did obviate my memorye,
Which I saw in the Iland of the moone.
Tim. In what place of the earth may that ile bee?
Pseud. 'Tis not in earth; 'tis pendant in the ayre;
Endymion there hath the dominion.
Gel. In the ayre!
Pseud. Yes, pendant in the ayre.
Her. O, strainge!
Pseud. Pish, this is nothing: I cann tell
You of a many gallants that did sell
Theire mannours here, and built them castles there,
And now liue like cameleons by th'aire:
And strainger thinges then theis I oft haue seene.
Tim. Come, Pseudocheus; goe along and walke;
Your strainge discourse shalbe our table talke. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter DEMEAS, *two Sergeants, at one dore;* TIMON, LACHES, HERMOGENES, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, *at another.*

Dem. Where hale yee mee, yee knaues? where hale yee mee?
Getes, canniballs, yee cruell Scythians?
Looze mee, yee varletts; I'me an orator;
Looze mee, I say.
Ser. 1. Good words, I pray: we doe but our office;
The judges haue committed thee to gaole.
Dem. Helpe mee, yee godds! What, shall an orator
Bee caste in prison? bound in iron chaines?
Ser. 2. Wert thou Demosthenes, thou shouldst not scape.
Dem. O, suffer mee to speake!
Eut. What is this tumult? is this Demeas
The orator?
Tim. H'st, peace; and let vs patiently see
This comedies catastrophe.

Ser. 1. If all thy rhetoricke can perswade vs,
Weele sette thee free at thine owne liberty.
Ser. 2. Goe to, bee not to tedious ; beginne.
Dem. By what faulte or fate of mine (luculent, not lutulent Sergeants) shall I say it is come to passe that I, an orator, not an arator, floridde, not horridde, should bee cast into prison by stolidde, not by solidde, persons? What haue I done? what haue I not done? Whom may I invocate? whom may I not inuocate? Shall I accuse yee? or excuse yee? I knowe not ; truly, I knowe not. Yee hale ; but whom doe yee hale? yee hale an orator. But whether doe yee hale him? yee hale him to prison. But from whence doe yee hale him? from the pewes of most wicked iudges. I owe ; is that an offence? I owe sixteene talents ; is that a sinne? Now, whether I deserue imprisonment, iudge yee. Let it, O let it bee lawfull for mee (O louing and liuing men !) to orate and exorate before the altar of your clemencie, not the haltar of your demency ! so yee, that free mee from the bonds of prison, shall oblige mee to you with the adamantine bonds of loue.
Gel. Hee hath composde a very dolefull speache.
Ser. 1. Art thou perswaded to dismisse him? speake.
Ser. 2. I feele some striuing motion ; but stay,
I knowe 'twill vanishe presently.
Pseud. This orator hath stole all that he spoke :
I hearde olde Nestor speake this worde for worde
In the Fortunate Ilands.
Ser. 1. I am perswaded ; I will let him goe.
Dem. O eloquence, what canst thou not effecte?
Whom doe not sweeter wordes than hony moue?
I thank my genius.
Ser. 2. Exult not soe :
I am perswaded, Demeas, I am,
Thee to imprisonne. Come, my orator,
Not arator, my floridde, not horridde ;
Bee sure of this, weele putte thee in sure ties,
Vnles thou putte in sureties.
Tim. Dismisse him : I will sixteene talents pay
Vnto the citizens.
Dem. My Jupiter, my Jupiter !
Tim. Carry my name vnto the iudges ; I
Will satisfie this debte.
Dem. My Jupiter,
When I forgette thee, let mee as a prey
Bee cast aliue to be devour'd of beasts !
Tim. Thy wishe is to to large. I doe desire
A gratefull minde ; thats all that I require :

I putte my talents to strange vsury,
To gaine mee friends, that they may followe mee.
(*A line cut off in MS.*)
Writte in their face ; if this thou dost performe,
I shall haue interrest sufficient.
Dem. If this, my Timon, I doe not performe,
Let Joue confounde mee with his thunderbolte !
Lach. This vowe, O Joue, remember ! let him feele,
If hee bee false, the strengthe of thy right hande !
Gel. Hast thou not a brother liues in Athenes,
That is a fidler ?
Her. A fidler !
Gel. Sweete sir,
Bee not soe angry ; I did neuer see
One egge more like another. I will send
For him to morrow to my nuptialls,
Hee sings soe daintily.
Eut. What, to thy wedding ? wilt thou putte thy necke
Into a marr'age nooze ?
Gel. Why not ? I her,
Shee mee doth loue.
Dem. A metaphore from the effecte.
Gel. What more can I desire ?
Tim. A barraine foreheade, where hornes may not growe :
Oft other men beware by others hornes.
View Athenes, thou shalt Vulcanes ensignes see,
A common badge to men of eache degree ;—
How many hange their heades downe, leaste they splitte
The signe posts with their hornes ; how many sitte
At home sicke of the headeache, and complaine
That they are like to the twi-horned moone ;
This man lookes pale ; another stands amazde :
In the meane while their wiues are jouiall ;
They eate the tongues of nightingales, lambestones,
Potato pies, pick'ld oysters, marrowbones,
And drinke thè purest wine that they can gette ;
They haue their garden houses ; will bee sicke ;
Then comes the doctor with his clister pipe,
And makes them well : their husbands heades ake still.
Dem. Sarcasmus, or a bitter ieste.
Gel. Thinke you that I shall bee a horn'd Satyre ? ha, ha, he !
As if I did not knowe what tricke men vse !
In Cappadocia they chuse a friende,
A eunuche as their keeper they ordaine ;
Hee doth obserue eache thinge they doe, their nodds,
And wary doth in the same chamber watche,

Least any on a sodeine shoulde surprize
His friends wife while shee sleepes.
Tim. Is this the vse
In Cappadocia?
Gel. Tis; hold thy peace;
This strange trauailer hath soe subtilly
Instructed mee with counsailles politicke,
And hath confessed himselfe an eunuche.
Dem. A syncope vnhearde of.
Tim. Wilt thou appointe this man to keep thy wife?
Gel. I will: by Joue, my hearte is full of glee
That I haue founde out such a one as hee.
Her. This seems a wonder.
Pseud. From the milky sea
As I did saile (that sea, the which was full,
From the deepe bottome to the very toppe,
Of pure white milke), the shippe did carry mee
Into an ilande that was made of cheese;
Their houses were of butter.
Eut. Were they not melted with the sunne?
Pseud. O, noe;
They did obscure the sunne beames with wette clothes.
Dem. A tapinosis or diminution.
Eut. Thou orator, what dost thou mutter thus?
Hem, let vs drinke, not idely spende the time;
Lets sacrifice to Bacchus boles of wine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter LOLLIO *at one dore;* and TIMON, HERMOGENES, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, *at another, with feathers in their hatts;* DEMAS, LACHES, OBBA.

Lol. Call they this Athenes? Lord, what vaire buildings.
Her. See yee that clowne? how hee admires all things!
Eut. I knowe him well? 'tis Lollio, the sonne
Of couetous Philargurus, who ne're
Permits his sonne to frequent the cittie,
Least hee shoulde learne the citties luxurie;
Hee liues at home, eates browne breade and butter,
Sometimes fat bacon.
Lol. Good godds, good gods, what preparation!

What a concourse of people! This zittie zunne
Seemes brighter than our country zunne. Lord, Lord,
How many starres! how nere they are!
[*The signe of the 7 stars.*
Pseud. Thy hande may touche them with a ladders helpe.
Lol. Wheres Charles wayne? I cannot zee it here:
In our skie, which wee haue in the country,
I with my vinger con demonstrate it.
Gel. Ha, ha, he!
Eut. Peace, doe not laughe.
Gel. Ha, ha, he!
I cannot refraine when I see such fooles; ha, ha, he!
Lach. Theres not an asse in all Arcadia
So very an asse as thou. [*Aside.*
Lol. Joue blesse mee, how many diuells are here!
Are they philosophers or brabbling lawiers?
They looke with such soure faces.
Tim. Eutrapelus, speake to him; say we are
The prime men of the cittie.
Eut. Saue you, Lollio.
Lol. Saue you, Eutrapelus:
Soe loue mee Pan, I am gladde to see thee well.
Eut. What strange occasion brought you hither?
Lol. I am zente for to my zisters wedding.
Here are fine zights.
Eut. Seest thou these young men?
They are the prime men of this same cittie.
Lol. Will they not imprisonne mee?
Eut. Feare nothing.
Lol. What daintie burds doe zitte vppon their hatts!
I wonder mech they doe not vlie away.
Their eies are on mee; must I make a legge?
Eut. They come to salute thee.
Lol. Prithee, hold my staffe.
Tim. Most welcome vnto Athenes!
Lol. Thanks, by Joue.
Tim. Wee longe haue look'd for such a one, whom wee
Might substitute prince ore the whole country.
Gel. Foh, how hee stinks of garlicke!
Lach. All are not muskified.
Tim. Putte on thy hatte; thou shalt bee our fellow.
Lol. Well bee it with thy ozen and thy ploughes,
Who gracest mee with such greate courtesy!
If once I see thee at my fathers house,
Ile giue thee ale pragmaticall indeede,
Which if thou drinke, shall fuddle thee hande and foote.

Pseud. Since I did taste the nectar of the gods,
No wine or ale can please my pallat well.
Tim. This day shall bee a day of sporte and mirthe:
Bring cuppes of wine; let's welcome our new prince.
Lol. I am afraid least my behauiour
Bee to to rusticke.
Eut. Dost thou not know Philargurus his sonne?
Hee's Callimelas brother.
Gel. Is hee soe?—
Heare, youngest youth of youthes; I am betrothd
Vnto thy sister, whom I meane to wedde.
Lol. Giue mee thy hande.
How doth my fathers seruant, Grunnio?
Eut. Thee, Timon, wee electe as soueraigne,
Prince and commaunder of these Bacchanales:
What lawes dost thou ordaine?—Peace, ho, awhile!
Tim. That this our compotation may haue
A prosp'rous euente, we will and commaunde
Whole hogsheades to bee empt'ed, platters fill'd;
None to depart, vnles hee first obtayne
Leaue of the prince; we also do enacte
That all holde vp their heades, and laughe aloude,
Drinke much at one draughte, breathe not in their drinke;
He that shall offende
In one of these shall weare infixt
Vppon his hatte an asses eares, and drinke
Nothing but sour wine lees for three daies space.
[*All*] This acte wee ratifie, confirme, allow.
Lol. I thinke my father hath transgress'd these lawes;
He nothing drinkes but lees.
Tim. What, thy father!
Hee is not worthy to exchange olde shoes;
But thou art noble, and king of good fellowes?
Lol. Father! hee no more shall be my father:
I am a prince; I scorne and renounce him.
Tim. Lollio, I drinke to thee this whole one.
Lol. Were it a whole hogsheade, I would pledge thee.
What, if I drinke two? fill them to the brimme.
Wher's hee that shall marry with my sister?
I drinke this to thee super naculum.
Dem. This wee doe call at Athenes καθ'ὅλον.
Tim. Sounde, musicke! wee will daunce. [*Sounde musicke.*
Eut. Weele celebrate the feaste of Bacchus.—
To make thee prince, I crowne thee with this bole.
Lol. Now, as I liue, this is most noble ale.
Lord, what a zounde is this zoundes in mine eares!

Gel. Come, let vs daunce: I loue this dauncing well.
[*They daunce.*
Lol. Ile putte my shoes of, leaste they make a noyse.
Tim. Enough, enough.—Lollio, art thou dry?
Lol. I prithee, giue mee some of that redde ale.—
Souldiour, canst drinke?
Lach. Wine's valours whetstone:
That, that made mee a souldiour.
Gel. Thou orator, thou seem'st to mee too sad:
Ile drowne thy sadnes in this sea of wine.
Dem. A synecdoche of the parte for the whole.—
On againe. Obba, fillfull or ffulfill the cuppe.
Pseud. In Ganges Iles I thirty riuers saw
Fill'd with sweete nectar.
Lach. O dainty lyer! [*Aside.*
Pseud. Thirtie rivers more
With aligaunte; thirtie hills of sugar;
Ale flowed from the rockes, wine from the trees,
Which wee call muskadine.
Gel. If it please Joue,
I will transferre a plante of that same tree
Into my garden.
Her. Is't not fine swimming in such a riuer?
Lol. I coulde bee drowned in such pleasant waues.
The house runnes round; take heede leaste the wine fall.
Ob. That shall bee my care; take heede leaste thou fall.
Lol. What, if the skie fall?
Ob. Poore men shall eate larkes.
Lol. Soe thinke I: and Ile eate railes and buntings.
Eutr. Why sleepes the cuppe? why doth it not walke round?
Thou a commaunder and forgette thy place!
Tim. I will; and commaunde thee, Eutrapelus,
To couer Lollios heade with thy hatte,—
And thou, Hermogenes, lende him thy cloke.
Her. I lende to him my cloke!
Tim. Soe wee commaunde.
Her. I care not much; my clothes, without my cloke,
Are trimme enough to make the people gaze.— [*Aside.*
Take heede thou soyle it not.
Tim. Gelasimus,
Girde Lollio with thy sworde.
Gel. Now, by Joue,
I hate these perridiculous asses,
Whose braines containe, noe, not one ounce of witte.
Lach. Hee wants a coate.
Lol. O noble Lollio, O braue Lollio!

All. Thrice noble, thrice resplendante Lollio!
Tim. Into thy handes my empire I resigne.
Lol. Am I a prince, then?
Tim. What dost thou commaunde?
Lol. Bringe mee a cuppe; I am as dry as duste:
Thou shalt my butler bee.
Gel. What shall I bee?
Lol. My butler too; all shall bee my butlers.
What, can yee sing? singe, sing; I, Lollio,
Your prince wils and commaunds.
Tim. Wee must obey.
Who doth beginne?
Eut. This arte, Hermogenes,
Doth appertaine to thee.
Lol. Obba, stande thou on my righte hande with the flaggon

They sing.

Lol. Seethe coblers blacke and iuice of betony,
Mixe thereinto of copres six ounces;
Tis present remedy 'gainst itche of hogges.
Tim. Hem, Lollio!
Lol. It also takes away the maunge from dogges.
Eut. Lollio!
Tim. Prince!
Lol. A little more good ale!
Gel. Bring the cuppe, Obba.
Lol. Where are yee all, my butlers? follow mee,
I will conducte yee to my fathers house;
Follow your prince, followe mee in order:
Eutrapelus, thou shalt my ensigne beare;
Display the flaggon as it were a flagge.
I am Achilles, yee my Myrmidones:
Follow Achilles; wee haue leuell'd Troy
Downe with the earthe. Hector? art thou Hector?
Gel. I am Gelasimus, thy brother [in] lawe.
Lol. Hadst thou beene Hector, I protest by Joue,
I woulde have bor'd thee thorough with this sworde.
[*Exit* LOLLIO, *the rest following.*

ACT III., SCENE I.

Enter LOLLIO, TIMON, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS *aduancing his flaggon*, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS.

Lol. Display the flagge-on.—Where are those Troians?
What, doe they hide their heades?
Tim. Why dost thou reele, Achilles, to and fro,
Like to a shippe that's tossed with the waues?
Lol. The four windes doe bussle in my heade,
A tempest greate is risen in my braines.
Eut. I thinke the shippe that carrieth thy witte
Will suffer shippewracke.
Dem. A metaphore worthy of my table booke.
Lol. When Corineus fought with Gogmagog,
And greate Alcides slewe a puppie-dog——
Gel. H'st; these same dores haue done a great offence.
Her. What?
Gel. They did creake; ha, ha, he! how likst thou my conceite?
Her. See, see, Gelasimus, how braue I am!

Enter GRUNNIO.

Grun. Good gods, whom doe I see? what, Lollio,
My masters sonne!
Lol. Grunnio, art thou here?
Thou wast not here at first.
Grun. Art in thy witts?
Lol. Thou knowest not who I am, Grunnio.
Grun. Why, thou art Lollio.
Lol. Why laughe yee not?
Gel. Must wee laughe? ha, ha, he!
What stratageme is to bee effected?
Lol. This calls mee Lollio. I Achilles,
Or otherwise am called Pelides;
Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ Πηληαδῶ 'Αχιλῆος.
Pseud. So speake the Tingitans that inhabitte
The mountains of Squilmagia.
Dem. A curious parenthesis.
Grun. Art not thou Lollio, and hold'st the ploughe?
Didst thou not cutte mee out this very morne
A portion of cheese, when I was sent
To call thee to thy sisters marriage?
Lol. I Lollio: I holde the ploughe! I cutte!
What, did I cutte thee out this very morne

A portion of cheese, when thou wast sent
To call mee to my sisters marriage?
Dem. Anaphora or a repetition.
Lol. I yee to witnes call, my Mirmidones;
What say yee?
All. Hees Achilles, Achilles.
Grun. O miracle!—Callimela, Blatte,
Come hither! Lollio is Achilles.

Enter CALLIMELA *and* BLATTE.

Blat. O mee, what tumulte is before my dores?
Gel. My lady mistris, Calimele, my queene,
Withdraw not backe your feete.
Blat. Saue yee, youngmen: what is't that yee would haue?
Lol. Yee Myrmidons, beholde olde Hecuba!
What, shall we stone her?
Gel. My fellowe soulders, this shall bee my wife!
Is she not faire?—How does my Calimele?
Cal. Let mee bee gone; I doe not loue to bee
A laughing stocke.
Gel. Sweete loue, bee not angry;
Vppon the mountain Paphlagonia
There is a stone——
Cal. In Athenes citie is an arrant foole.
Gel. Thats call'd——
Cal. Gelasimus.
Lol. Why binde yee not olde Hecuba, that witche?
Blat. I olde Hecuba! I'me Blatte, the nurse!
What ayles the drunken foole?
Eut. Timon, why are your eies fixt on the grounde?
Tim. I feele a wounde.
Eut. O, Jupiter forbidde!
Tim. Eutrapelus, this is not in Joues pow're.
I subiecte am to Venus tyranny!
These eies betraide my hearte; these were the gate
And onely way where Ioue first entred in;
I saw and lou'd, and must my loue attain.
Eut. What sodaine metamorphosis is this?
Tim. I loue, extreamely loue.
Eut. What, Callimele?
Tim. The very same.
Lol. My sparrowe, my marrow, my sowe,
My hony, my cony, my cowe!—
Achilles is adry: a little more ale!
This house doth seeme to walke: what, haue they feete?

Or doth it ride on horsebacke?—Grunnio,
Am I not in the clouds?
Blat. Hence, Callimele;
Philargurus thy father is at hande.
[*Exeunt* CALLIMELA *and* BLATTE.

Enter PHILARGURUS *at another dore.*

Tim. I nothing see, my eies haue loste their light.
Phil. What company is this before my dores?
O mee accurs'd! my hidden golde is founde:
What shall I doe? I am vndone, vndone!
Why hange I not myselfe? woe and alas!
I to to longe haue liu'd, who must bee forct
To ende my daies in pouertie.—Yee theeues,
Yee theeues, what seeke yee here?
Eut. Lollio, thy father.
Lol. My father hange himselfe! I'me Achilles;
I haue this day three thousand Troians slayne.
Phil. Yee theeues, restore what yee haue tane away!
Tim. Olde man, bee patient.
Phil. Ile binde yee hande and foote in iron chaines.—
Runne, Grunnio, call for the peoples helpe.
Lol. Thou olde, outworne, worme eaten animal,
What wouldst thou haue? I am greate Achilles:
Vnless thou kill mee i'th heele, Achilles
Will nere bee slaine.
Phil. Lord, Lord, what a strange madnes may this bee!
Gel. Feare not, Philargurus; thou hast noe cause:
I am thy sonne in lawe; all things are safe;
Noe man hath toucht the threshold of thy house.
Phil. O, but my sonne is madde!
Lol. Hast not thou nappy ale? if thou deny,
My Myrmidons shall ruinate thy house.
Phil. To ploughe, thou slaue! that I would haue thee doe.—
Gelasimus, withdraw these youngmen hence;
I am afraide and tremble every ioynte
Leaste they finde out my golde.
Her. Giue mee my cloke, Achilles; it is colde.
Eut. To bedde and sleepe.
Dem. This birde hath lost his borrowed feathers.
Lol. I pray yee also, O my Myrmidons,
Pull of my doublette; Ile goe sleepe awhile.
All. Goodnight, braue generall; farewell.
Lol. This flaggon shall serue mee for a pillow.
Phil. Thou drunken knaue, Ile wake thee with this staffe!

Lol. Hector, oppresse mee not, while I doe sleepe;
Ile presently arise to fighte.
Phil. Beare him in, Grunnio.—Hath wine subdu'de
Thy heade and feete at once?
Lol. Prithee, Obba, one cuppe; but one cuppe more.
Phil. Thou art drunke, thou theefe.
Lol. Thou li'st, thou rascall.—
Where art, Agamemnon? helpe Achilles! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE, [*and* GRUNNIO.]

Phil. What, shall I suffer such corruption
Of manners in my sonne? s'deathe, hee shall feele
His fathers fury. What, doe I arise
Carefull before the crowing of the cocke,
And scorne noe gayne, no, not from the dunghill,
That, when I die, my sonne may bee left riche?
Ile rather hide my treasure in the earthe,
Where neither sunne or moone or humane eies
Hath euer peepte.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. Saue you, Philargurus.
Phil. What wouldst thou haue? bee briefe, or els bee gone.
Lach. My master wishes all the gods thy friendes.
Phil. I all of them his foes, whoere hee bee.
Is this thy arrand?
Lach. Y'are too cholericke;
I come a ioyfull messenger to thee:
Timon doth loue thy daughter feruently,
Will take her without dowry, if you please.
What say you? hee hath also sent these gemmes,
To make accesse to Callimelas loue.
Phil. O happy mee! will Timon take, saist thou,
My daughter without dowry?
Lach. Soe it is.
Phil. Callimela.
Cal. What's your pleasure, father?
Phil. Venus doth fauour thee aboue the rest;
A seconde person doth desire thy loue,
A golden youthe: reiecte Gelasimus;

This is farre richer, and thee, Callimele,
Will take without a dowry.
Cal. Who doth possesse most golde shall mee possesse :
Let womans loue bee neuer permanent.
Lach. Timon doth consecrate these costly gemmes
Vnto the altars of thy beauty.
Cal. I take his gemmes, and send him backe my loue ;
Let that be like a gemme.
Blat. A liberall youngman, I doe proteste,
That to his sweete hearte sends such costly giftes.
What colour is his beарde?
Cal. Peace, olde dotarde.
Blat. Olde dotarde ! why olde dotarde? I haue yet
Two teethe left, see : what, are my kisses dry?
Try, souldier ; or goe I with a staffe?
Or am I eighty yeares of age? why, then,
Call you mee old dotard?
Cal. Peace ; I recante ;
Thou shalt bee my girle.
Blat. Yes, I am a girle.
Cal. Tell Timon I am his.
Lach. Timon is blest :
How well doe beauty and milde loue accorde !
Phil. Without a dowry, that, remember that.
Lach. I speake the truthe.
Phil. Grunnio, make broathe of these two fishes.
[*Two spratts or the like.*
[*Exeunt* PHIL., CALL., BLAT., GRUN.
Lach. Soe are my masters goods consum'd : this way
Will bring him to the house of pouerty.
O Joue, conuert him, leaste hee feele to soone
To much the rodde of desp'rate misery,
Before his chests bee emptiéd, which hee
Had lefte by his forefathers fill'd with golde !
Well, howsoeuer fortune play her parte,
Laches from Timon neuer shall departe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO.

[Dialogue of the spleen of foolish Gelasimus, who finds Timon to be his rival with Callimele. But he will go marry the daughter of the king of the Antipodes.]

SCENE IV.

Enter OBBA *and the Musitians :* OBBA *bringing a baskette of flowers.*

Ob. Yee fiddlers, follow mee ; there take your place :
If that your throates are dry, Ile liquor them.
Ile straw these flowers on the ground : this day
My master must bee married ; if I
Bee not well tipled before euening,
I Obba ne're will drinke καθ'ὅλον more.

Enter GRUNNIO.

O Joue, what doe I see ? vse ghosts to walke
Before our dores ? whose spirit art thou ? speake ;
I thee adiure by Proserpinaes heade,
By Acheron, by Styx, and Phlegeton,
And by the dismall boate that Charon rowes,
By triple-headed Cerberus, by———
Grun. Lord, Obba,
What meanest thou by this ? dost thou not knowe
Leane, macilente Grunnio ?
Ob. I verily did take thee for some sp'rite :
Thou lookst like an anatomy ; mee thinks
The wind shoulde whirle thee vp into the ayre.
Grun. That I preuente by wearing leaden soles.
Ob. By Joue, thou art transparent ; if I stande
Behind thy backe, I can see through thy nose.
Grun. Tho(u) see'st what 'tis to liue on brown breade crusts,
To drinke deade vineger, and lodge in straw.
Ob. Ha, ha, he !
I am almoste dissolu'd into laughter.
Art not thou Famines sonne ?
Grun. I rather thinke
Famine to bee my sonne, mee her mother :
These tenne months I haue borne her in my wombe,
And hope to bee deliuered this feaste.
Ob. What doth Philargurus at home ?
Grun. Hee tells
How many spyders are about his house,
Leaste any one of vs steale one of them :
And in a vessell charily doth keepe
The vrine of his hungry family,
And sells it to the diars ; when hee sleepes,

Ties a paire of bellowes to his winde-pipe.
Ob. Why soe?
Grun. Least in his sleepe he lose parte of his breathe.
Ob. O thrifty man!
Grun. Wilt suffer mee, after the feaste is done,
To licke the greazy platters?
Ob. Ile fill thy paunche full; neuer feare thy guttes.
Grun. I see my master comming: Obba, where,
Where shall I hide mee? what, in the buttry?
Ob. Follow mee.
Grun. O, how my teethe doe water!

SCENE V.

Enter TIMON, CALLIMELA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS, HERMOGENES, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, DEMEAS, LACHES, BLATTE.

Tim. Soe I embrace thee in my armes, who art
My life and light.
Cal. O, how such sweete embraces I desire,
Who without thee am neither life nor light!
Gel. Shee sees not mee as yet; if once shee did,
I know shee would put finger in the eye.
Cal. Thou art my Titan, I thy Cynthia;
From thy bright beames my beauty is deriu'd.
Gel. Can the kings daughter of th' Antipodes
Speake so compleately?
Pseud. Shee hath a parrot
Can speake more elegantly.
Gel. That is well.
Tim. My life, why doe wee thus delay the time?
Ile plight to thee my trothe in Pallas temple:
Art thou well pleas'd with this, my hony?
Cal. What pleases Timon, cannot mee displease.
Phil. Timon, thou hast a wife morigerous;
Shee is the onely comfort of my age.
Lach. Thou li'st, thou thinkest thy gold a sweeter. [*Aside.*
Dem. Let it bee lawfull for mee (most honorable, not onerable paire) awhile to reteyne and deteyne, ligate and obligate your eares with my words, neither aspersed or inspersed with the flore or rore of eloquence. Yee are both like in nature

and in nurture, alike in genius and both alike ingenuous: what Timon refuses, Callimela refuses; what Callimela wills, Timon also wills; so that Callimela may not bee but Timons Callimela, and Timon but Callimelas Timon.

Eut. Holde thou thy peace, thou pratling orator;
Hence with thy tropes!—Let's hie to the temple.—
Hermogenes, out of thy greazy throate
Sing vs some sweete epithalamion.

Lach. Heele croke it like a frogge, I knowe; I feare
Least this extrauagant singing fidler
Hath quite forgotte his arte. [*Aside.*

Her. I sing among the people! I! what, I!
Is not Hermogenes a noble? My page
Shall acte my parte: if hee sing not a song
Of sweeter harmony than Orpheus,
I neuer more will sattin breeches weare.

The Musicians playe, and Hermogenes Page sings.

Enter a shippwrackte Sayler.

Say. Immortall gods, why mocke yee mortalls thus?—
Where shall I finde Timon, wretched Timon?

Tim. Who with such clamors interupts our ioyes?
Speake, what soe're it is.

Say. I bring thee heauy newes; thy shippes are drown'd
In Neptunes waues, not one of them arriu'd.

Lach. The gods forbidde!

Say. Neptune, thy foe, hath wrought thee this mishappe,
And swallow'd vppe thy gemmes in his vast wombe,
And neuer will restore them backe againe. [*Exit*

Tim. At lengthe I knowe what misery doth meane.

Phil. Hence, Callimele, hence from that beggers side.

Gel. Thou would'st not haue mee to thy sonne in law;
What, doth it yet repent thee?

Phil. Giue mee my daughter; why dost thou claspe her?
Shees none of thine.

Tim. Doth Callimele say soe?

Cal. I loued Timon riche, not Timon poore;
Thou art not now the man thou wast before.

Phil. This is my wisedome, this shee learn'd of mee.

Tim. Wealth being loste, the loue which was remaines!
Why dost thou soe inconstantly revolte?
Beholde the light of Hymenæus lampes!
Why turnest thou thy face away from mee?
What, am I such an ciesore now to thee?

Phil. Away, away, thou poore three farthing Jacke!

Thou faggende of the people, get thee hence !
Touche not my daughter, thou.
Tim. Callimela !
Blat. Thus goods and loue are shippewrackt both at once :
Come, I'le receaue thee into fauour, come.
Phil. Base pouertie doth followe luxury :
Get home, and liue by mending of olde shoes ;
Spende not whole daies in drunken Bacchus cuppes ;
Goe home, thou slaue, or here, with hunger pin'd,
Belche out thy soule : I hate a man thats poore ;
Hees worse than any homicide.
Tim. O thou, whoe're thou art, that dost dispose
Of paines in hell, dismisse thou Tantalus !
This fellow is more worthy to endure
Dry schorching thirst, and yet to stande for aye
Vp to the chinne in water.
Her. Why dost thou not lamente, Eutrapelus ?
Eut. My eies are of pumice stone, I cannot.
Gel. To morrow, Callimela, I will sayle
To the kings daughter of Antipodes ;
Expect mee not thy sutor any more.
Tim. Doth noe small sparcle of thy loue remaine ?
Phil. Hence, my sweete girle ; vouchsafe him not one worde ;
Hees worse than a crocodile or serpent,
Nay, worse than the diuell himselfe.
Gel. Why soe ?
Phil. Because hees poore. [*Exeunt* PHIL., CALL., *and* BLAT.
Gel. Ha, ha, he !
How melancholy walkes hee to and fro !——
Thou shalt, if that thou wilt, mende my olde shoes.
Lach. I will not see my master thus abus'd,
I'le rather die.—What dost ? whom speakst thou to ?
Hence, least thou feele my cholericke reuenge !
And quickly to bee gone, I say ; thou foole,
Dost thou deride my masters miseries ?
Gel. Thou knowst not how I hate these souldiers
That looke soe furious. Come, let vs goe ;
I am even sicke to see his face, vah !
Eut. Weele goe along with thee.
Her. Thy masters harde misfortune I lamente.
Dem. Commend my loue to bee at his commaunde.
[*Exeunt* GELAS., PSEUD., EUTR., HERM., *and* DEM.
Lach. The shadowes all are gone : noe sunne shines here.—
Master, why muse you thus ? what thinke you on ?
Why are your eyes soe fixéd on the earth ?

Pull vp your spirits ; all aduersity
By patience is made more tolerable.
Tim. Great father of the gods, what wickednes,
What impious sinne haue I committed ?
Haue I poured shame vppon my fathers vrne ?
Or haue I poyson'd my forefathers ? what,
What, what haue I deseru'd, an innocent ?
Lach. His countenance bewraies his vexéd soule. [*Aside.*
Tim. O Joue, O Joue,
Haue I thy altar seldome visited ?
Or haue I beene to proud ? or yet deny'd
To succour poore men in necessity ?
Not this, nor that : yee gods haue vow'd my fall ;
Thou, thou hast vow'd it, Joue ; against mee, then,
Discharge whole vollies of thy thunderclapps,
And strike mee thorough with thy thunderbolte,
Or with a sodeine flashe of lighteninge
Destroy mee quicke from thy supernall throne !
I knowe not how to suffer pouertie,
Who haue soe oft relieu'd the poore with golde.
Lach. Leaue of complaints ; griefe augments misery.
Tim. I am besides myselfe, I knowe not how.
Hymen, why, Hymen, are thy lampes extincte ?
Come, light them once againe ; my bride's at hande :
A fonde dreame Timon neuer shall deiecte ;
My Callimele complaines, I stay to long :
I come, my light, in dreames Ile come to thee !
Lach. Where rushe you heade-long ? master, Callimele
Hath lefte thee basely and ingratefully,
And hath despiséd thee, now thou art poore.
Tim. Thou speakst the truthe ; shee's gone, shee's gone indeede.
O most inconstant sexe of womankinde,
Proude, cruell, stiffenecked, and more monstrous
Than any monster bredde in Africa !
Is this their faithfull loue ? the vowes they make ?
Yee cursed Furies, thou, thou, Megæra,
Helpe to augmente my fury !
Lach. Comfort yourself ; you haue some friends yet lefte.
Tim. I'st possible a poore man should haue friends ?
Lach. Aduersitie cannot parte faithefull friends.
Tim. Hee is deceau'd that lookes for faithe on earthe :
Faithe is in heauen, and scornes mortall men.
I am compelléd by necessity
To proue my friends : thus poore and destitute,
I goe to seeke reliefe from other men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCENE I.

Enter TIMON *at one dore;* DEMEAS *and* EUTRAPELUS *at another.*

Tim. Vnhappy Timon doth salute his friends.
Dem. Whom speakes hee to? what, dost thou knowe this man?
Eut. I doe confesse that I haue seene his face,
But where I cannot tell.
Tim. Afflicted and forsaken on each side,
And lefte to the wide worlde, I yee beseeche
To giue mee house-roome; only this I aske,
A hole wherein to hide my misery.
Dem. Art thou a stranger or Athenian?
What country? whats thy name?
Tim. Know'st thou not? ah, Demeas, know'st thou not?
This face, these hands thou heretofore didst knowe:
Am I soe soone forgotte and wholy chang'd?
And is there nothing now of Timon lefte?
Dem. Thou brazen face, I ne're saw'e thee before.
Eut. This fellowe would insinuate, I thinke.
Tim. Where hide yee your heads, yee heau'nly powers?
They doe despise their needy friend, yet liue
And breathe a guilty soule: O supreme Joue,
Why doth thy right hande cease to punish sinne?
Strike one of these with thunder from aboue,
And with thy lightening reuenge my cause!
Strike which thou wilt, thy hande it cannot erre.
Dem. Ha, ha, he: how tragicall hee is:
Tim. O yee ingratefull, haue I freed yee
From bonds in prison to requite mee thus?
To trample o're mee in my misery?
True Scythians broode, cruell, ingratefull,
Yee make mee liue in woe and heauines.
Tell mee, O tell mee, yee perfidious,
Where is your faith vow'd of your owne accorde?
Where are your vowes soe largely promiséd?
What, are they all gone with the winde?
Dem. Come hither; I will giue thee this one groate,
But thou must publish my munificence.
Tim. Thus I returne it backe into thy face:
Ne're bende thy browes: proude threats I doe not feare.
Eut. Come, let vs hence; this man is lunaticke.
Dem. Looke to thy braines, least in the plenilune
Thou waxe more madde. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* DEMEAS *and* EUTRAPELUS.

TIMON *solus.*

Tim. Fire, water, sworde confounde yee! let the crowes
Feede on your peckt out entrailes, and your bones
Wante a sepúlchre! worthy, O, worthy yee,
That thus haue falsifi'd your faith to mee,
To dwell in Phlegeton! Rushe on me heau'n,
Soe that on them it rushe! Mount Caucasus
Fall on my shoulders, soe on them it fall!
Paine I respecte not. O holy Justice,
If thou inheritte heau'n, descende at once,
Eu'n all at once vnto a wretches hands!
Make mee an arbiter of ghosts in hell,
That, when they shall with an vnhappy pace
Descende the silent house of Erebus,
They may feele paines that neuer tongue can tell!
But where am I? I doe lamente in vaine;
Noe earthe as yet relieu'd a wretches paine:
I am well pleas'd to goe vnto the ghosts.
Open, thou earthe, and swallowe mee alive!
Ile headelonge tumble into Styx his lake:
Wilt thou not open, earthe, at my requeste?
Must I suruiue against my will? then here
Shall bee my place: who on the earthe lies, hee
Can fall noe lower than the same, I see. [*Timon lies downe.*

SCENE II.

ABYSSUS *at one,* GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO, *at another dore.*

Aby. Why stay'd you thus? the gold is all ready.
Gel. Right worshippefull Abyssus, bee content:
I spent this whole day with the notary:
This paper doth confirme to thee my lands;
Here, take it; I'le goe and finde farre better
'Mong th' Antipodes.
Pseud. There the earthe brings forth.
Among the wheate, eares of gold and siluer.
Aby. I wante my spectacles; reade it, Gelasimus.
Gel. Bee it knowen vnto all men by these presents that I Gelasimus of the Golden Hill, gentleman, sonne and heire of Rubicunde of the Ilands, lately deceased, haue graunted,

bargayned, and solde to Abyssus, cittizen of Athenes, a thousande acres of lande with the appurtenances, all goods and chattells, moueable and immoueable, aliue and deade, of kinde and condicion whatsoeuer, in the possession of any whosoeuer, in any place wheresoeuer; which bargayne and sale I Gelasimvs will warrantize to the aforesaid Abyssus, his heyres and assignes, againyst all nations for euer, by these presents: in witness hereof I haue hereunto set my hande and seale the and-in the one thousand sixty ninthe Olympiade.

Aby. Tis well.—An olde birde is not caught with chaffe;
Hee that will cheate mee must arise betimes.— [*Aside.*
Here, take this gold; I will possesse thy lands
And mannor houses.

Tim. What's this? hee alsoe sell his heritage,
More worthy farre, O Joue, of pouertie!
That let him feele, and beare mee companie.

Gel. Thou, Pseudocheus, shalt the one halfe beare,
And I the other.

Pseud. Committe the whole to mee; Ile not impose
Soe greate a burden on thee. [GELASIMUS *giues him the gold.*

Gel. What, shall wee traualye through that citty, where
The candles walke, and cattes play on the fiddle?
How I desire to see such pretty sights!

Aby. Farewell, farewell; happy bee thy voyage!
Ile goe take possession of my lands.

Gel. Farewell, most bright Abyssus: the next monthe
Ile send thee letters from th' Antipodes. [*Exit* ABYSSUS.
Pædio.

Pæd. What, master?

Gel. Goe, fetche the taylor to prepare new clothes;
For this my iourney; thou maist alsoe bidde
The barbor come, that hee with his razor
Shaue of th' exorbitant haires of my bearde.

Pseud. You need noe barbor; bearded men are there
More amiable.

Gel. Is't soe!—
Buy mee some hony to anoynte my cheekes,
To make my bearde grow to perfection.

Pseud. Peace, peace; here comes Lollios Hecuba.

Enter BLATTE.

Blat. Saue yee, youngmen; may all youthly things
Bee safe and sound! Thou art Gelasimus,
Vnles my eies deceause my sight.

Gel. I am:

What wouldst thou haue with me? I know thee well;
Speake boldely, faire and fearefull Hecuba.—
I feare leaste shee prouoke mee vnto fight
In Callimelas name [*Aside*].—Speake out, I say.
Blat. You well doe knowe the frailtie of our sexe.
Gel. By Joue, I will not fight 'fore I am vrg'd;
This openly I tell thee.
Blat. Affections soone stirre vp in our breasts.
Gel. I feare the euente. [*Aside.*
Blat. This I doe knowe, who, when I was a girle,
Felt what the vowes of youngmen could prevayle
With flatt'ring tongues: Callimela therefore—
Gel. And what of Callimele? what will shee doe?
Blat. Shee doth beseeche thee to renewe thy sute,
And with the bellowes of affection
Blowe vp the cynders of thy former loue,
And to forgette all wrongs.
Gel. Doth shee loue me?
Blat. I knowe shee dothe, and that not vulgarly.
Gel. I will consider of it with myselfe.
Tim. O woman, more inconstant than the winde,
The wether, fethers, or Joues thunderbolt!
Thou heretofore didst shew mee a faire face,
And now by turnes dost varry with the time.
Gel. It is decreed; I verily doe grieue
That I am calléd elsewhere by the Fates:
My loue is gone beyonde the seas; where I
Must bee espouséd to a princely maide;
But, least shee wholy should consume through griefe,
Melte into teares, I'le breathe to her one kisse,
Before I goe a shippeboarde.
Blat. Thou truly art a kinde youngman, and dost
What doth befitte thee.
Pseud. What oxe is this that lieth on the ground?
Tim. What's that to thee?
Gel. Rise, arise.
Tim. I will not.
Gel. Art thou a foole?
Tim. But art thou wise?
Gel. Farewell.
Tim. Bee hang'd!
Gel. Ha. ha. he! how concisely the rogue speakes!
Blat. 'Tis Timon; doe yee not knowe him?
Gel. That were a thinge indeede ridiculous,
Tó knowe a man that's poore. Sirrah, take heede,
Least that thou catche a coughe: heare you, sirrah?

The ground's to colde a bed to lie vppon.
Tim. Nothing.
Gel. Thy hearing, therefore, is not good.
Tim. And yet I am not deafe.
Gel. What's this?
Tim. Somethinge.
Gel. What's this somethinge?
Tim. Nothing, I say, nothing:
All things are made nothing.
Pseud. Thou bee a sonne in law vnto a kinge,
And yet vouchsafe to talke with such a one!
Hee hath not wherewith to buy a haltar.
Tim. Soe, thou abhominable father of lies,
What mighty spoiles and triumphs thou hast gain'd,
Thus to despise a wretche in misery!
Blat. Why stay you thus, Gelasimus, to sende
By mee the kisse you promis'd Callimele?
Goe yee into the house.
Gel. Goe thou before;
Olde age is reuerent; weele follow thee.
. . . .
Tim. Greate Joue confounde yee!
Pseud. Barke not so, thou dogge.
[*Exeunt* BLAT., GELAS., PSEUD., *and* PÆD.
Tim. Thou, nature, take from mee this humane shape,
And mee transforme into a dire serpent,
Or griesly lyon, such a one as yet
Nere Lybia or Affrica hath seene,
Or els into a crocodile or bore,—
What not? or with my basiliscan eies
May I kill all I see, that at the length
These base ingratefull persons may descende
The pitte of hell! thus would I bee reueng'd.

SCENE III.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, *and* SPEUSIPPUS *in gownes.*

Her. Most graue philosophers, your company
Doth much delight mee; truly, I doe loue
Your witty disputations.
Stil. A man may loue two manner of waies, effectiuely or causally.

Her. I pray thee, giue mee these 2 termes.

Stil. Noe, they are mine as well κατὰ χρῆσιν as κατὰ κτῆσιν; a talente shall not buy them.

Her. There is a question that long hath troubled mee,—whether there be a man in the moone.

Speus. To wit, a numerically indiuiduall, which may haue there really and intrinsecally an entitatiue acte and essence, besides a formall existence, or whether that bee Platoes Idea abstracted from the humane species, which they affirme to bee vnder the concaue of the moone.

Stil. The moone may bee taken 4 manner of waies; either specificatiuely, or quidditatiuely, or superficially, or catapodially.

Her. To morrow, if Joue please, Ile buy these termes.

Stil. The man in the moone is not in the moone superficially, although he bee in the moone (as the Greekes will haue it) catapodially, specificatiuely, and quidditatiuely.

Speus. I proue the contrary to thee thus. Whatsoeuer is moued to the motion of the moone, is in the moone superficially; but the man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone; ergo the man in the moone really exists in the moone superficially.

Stil. I answere by distinguishing. The man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone according to a formall conceipte, æquiuocally and virtually, not entitatiue vnivocally and naturally; it is true respectiuely and *vt quo*, but not simply and *vt quod*.

Her. Stilpo, how wilt thou sell these articles of distinction?

Stil. For £20.

Her. For such trifles! how deare are thy wares! wilt take 16?

Stil. Dost thinke philosophy is soe little worth? I cannot.

Her. Bee it soe; because these phrases please me, and their terminations ende all alike, thou shalt haue £20. Repeate them againe.

Stil. A thinge may be mooued entitatiuely or formally—

Her. Entitatiuely or formally! I pray thee, resolue mee of that scruple.—am I moued entitatiuely or formally?

Speus. Thou art moued formally, prioristically in the thing considered, not posterioristically in the manner of considering.

Tim. Hermogenes, remembrest thou thy vow?
Hermogenes! [TIMON *ariseth from the grounde.*

Her. What wouldst thou haue?

Tim. Houseroome:
Suffer mee not to perish with the colde,
Vnder the open ayre.

Her. Thou art troublesome.—

I hearde from Pseudocheus, a most skillfull chronographer,
that the moone was an ilande pendante in the ayre, and that
there inhabite many myriades of men.

Stil. Tis true, not circumscriptiuely as the last spheare, nor repletiuely, but definitiuely as an angell; this hee spake tentatiuely, not dogmatically.

Tim. What, wilt thou not vouchesafe to looke on mee?

Her. Bee gone, bee gone! thou art troublesome, I say.

Tim. Thou thanklesse wretch, dost thou reiect mee thus?
Thus proudly tramplest on my miseries?

Her. If thou art wretched, goe and hange thyselfe;
An haltar soone will mitigate thy griefe.

Stil. A man may hange himselfe 2 manner of waies; either aptitudinally and catachrestically, or perpendicularly and inhæsiuely; choose which of these thou wilt.

Tim. O Titan, seest thou this, and is it seene?
Eternall darknes ceaze vppon the day!
Yee starres, goe backeward! and a fearefull fire
Burne vp the articke and antarticke pole!
Noe age, noe country yeelds a faithfull friende.
A curséd furie ouerflowes my breast:
I will consume this cittie into dust
And ashes! where is fire? Tysiphone,
Bring here thy flames! I am to mischiefe bente:
These naked handes wante but some instrumente.

Her. Stilpo, Speusippus, vent your sentences:
Appease his fury; it doth rage to much.

Speus. Man's like vnto the sea, that ebbes and flowes,
And all things in this world vnstable are.

Stil. There's nothing on the earth that's permanent:
As cloudes disperse the force of Boreas,
Soe all things into nothing doe returne.

Speus. Aduersity cannot daunte a wise man.

Stil. Art thou opprest with griefe? be patient.

Speus. A heauy burthen patience makes light.

Stil. Hath fortune left thee naked and forlorne?
Then clothe thyselfe with vertue.

Speus. Vertue alone beatifies the minde.

Stil. Shee is not blinde.

Speus. Shee cannot be deceau'd.

Stil. Shee doth despise no man.

Speus. Shee none forsakes.

Stil. Shee is not angry.

Speus. Doth not change.

Stil. Nor rage.

Speus. With comfort shee relieues the grieuéd soule.

Stil. Shees fairer euery day than other.
Speus. The nearer, shee the fairer doth appeare.
Tim. This grieues mee worse than all my pouerty,—
Hence, hence, yee varletts !
Stil. The chiefest good in vertue doth consiste.
Speus. Whose rage is moderate, that man is wise.
Stil. He that is wise is rich.
Speus. Whome fortune quailes
Is poore and base.
Tim. Your counsaile hath deseru'd these thanks.
[TIMON *beates them.*
Speus. Oh, oh !
Oh ! dost thou buffet a philosopher ?
Will a free cittie such a deede allowe ?
Stil. O, I am holy ! oh, withdraw thy handes !
Her. Ile runne away, and take mee to my heeles.
Tim. Not soe, not soe ; Ile recompence thy pride.
[TIMON *beates him ;* HERM. *runnes away ;* TIM. *followes him in at one dore, and enters at another.*
Stil. How doth thy heade, Speusippus ?
Speus. It doth ake,
As well posterioristically
As prioristically. Let vs hence,
Least hee againe assault vs with his fistes.
[*Exeunt* SPEUS. *and* STIL.
Tim. What, hath hee thus escapéd from my handes ?
Thou goddes Nemesis, reuenge my wrong !
Let him, O, let him wander vp and downe,
A wretche vnknowne, through cities and through townes !
Let him desire to die, and yet not die !
And when hees deade, rewarde him, Rhadamant,
According to his meritts ! hee deserues
The paine of Sysiphus, thirste of Tantalus,
And in thy lake, Cocytus, to remaine.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. My masters voyce doth ecchoe in my eares :
How full of fury is his countenance !
His tongue doth threaten, and his hearte doth sighe ;
The greatnes of his spirit will not downe.
Tim. Thee, thee, O sunne, I doe to witnesse call,
These harde misfortunes I haue not deseru'd !
Lach. But sitt vppon some other earthe and pray :
This place is barbarous ; here their proude handes
Scorne to relieue a poore man in his neede.
[TIMON *standes vp.*

Tim. O thou, reuenge, come wholy to my hands!
I will reuenge.
Lach. That takes not griefe away.
Tim. But it will lessen griefe; something Ile doe;
Ile not consume this day in idlenesse.
Inuite these rascalls.
Lach. What shall they doe here?
Tim. I haue preparéd them a worthy feaste:
Goe, call them therefore; tell them there remaines
Of soe much wealth as yet some ouerplus.
[*Exit* TIMON *at one dore,* LACH. *at another.*

SCENE IV.

[Grunnio, "more hungry than hunger," pleads in vain to Obba, who is spreading Timon's table. As he is turned out, he asks that, if he die this day, there may be one leg of mutton put into his grave.]

SCENE V.

TIMON, LACHES, OBBA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS, EUTRAPELUS: HERMOGENES, STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS *come awhile after.*

Tim. Furnish the table, sette on dainty cheare;
Timon doth bidde his friends their last farewell.
Phil. Thou wisely dost; it is too late to spare
When all is spent; whom the gods woulde haue
To liue but poorely, let him bee content.
Tim. What man is hee can wayle the losse of wealthe,
Guarded with such a friendly company?
Ill thriue my gold, it shall not wring one teare
From these mine eies, nor one sigh from my hearte:
My friends sticke close to mee, they will not starte.
Dem. Is hee madde? wee knew him not this morning:
Hath hee soe soone forgotte an iniury?

Now enter HERM., STIL., SPEUS, *and drawe backe.*

Lach. Putte of fonde feare; why draw yee backe your feete?

Her. I feare my heade.
Tim. Much hayle, Hermogenes,—
Saue yee, philosophers.
Speus. Saue yee, said hee?
Such words are better farre than stripes and blowes.
Tim. Y'are welcome all: spende yee this day in mirthe,
Mixe laughter and conceits with this our feaste,
And lay aside all graue seueritie.
Stil. There lie, philosopher. I put of all formalities, excentricall and concentricall vniuersalities, before the thinge, in the thinge, and after the thinge, specifications categorematicall and syncategorematicall, hæcceities complete and ἁπλῶς, or incomplete and κατὰ τι.
Gel. Ha, ha, he! bee seemes like a dry heringe.
Tim. Expecte noe iunketts, or yet dainty fare:
What cheare poore Timon hath, y'are welcome to.
Phil. I loue a piece of beefe.
Gel. I hony sopps.
Pseud. Giue me a phœnix stew'd in ambergreece.
Dem. I loue an artichoke pie sok'd in marrow.
Eut. Fill platters with wine; weele eate it with spoones.
Her. I pray thee, putte a pheasante on the table.
Stil. I pray thee, let not mustard bee wanting.
Speus. Bee mindefull of fatte bacon; I doe loue
To line my choppes well with the greeze thereof.
Tim. Weele wante for nothing; that shall bee my care. [*Exit.*
Gel. Philosophers say that mustarde is obnoxious to the memory.
Stil. Mustarde by itselfe is obnoxious, to the memory by an accident.
Her. Heare yee my opinion, who am halfe a philosopher.
Eut. Partly a fidler, partly a foole.
Gel. Thou art too bitter; peace.
Her. Mustarde originally and proximely is obnoxious to the memory instrumentally and remotely.
Gel. O, ex'lent witty, and beyonde compare!
Thou shalt with mee to the Antipodes,
If that thou please: this ingenuity
I loue in any man.
Phil. Art thou resolued on thy iourney?
Gel. Yes:
This morning I haue play'd the alchymist,
Conuerting all my lands to pure golde.
Dem. A metalepsis or transumption from one thinge to another.
Gel. Pseudocheus,

How many miles thinke you that wee must goe?
Pseud. Two thousande, 44.
Stil. What dost thou meane?
A number numbering, or numbered?
Pseud. My eares attende not to these idle trifles:
Thou art a trifling philosopher; peace:
Perseus, hee had a winged horse.
Dem. The allegory of this fable I perspicuously laid open in an oration newly penn'd. If you please, I will relate it.
Pseud. Thou orator, care thou for thy metaphores:
Perseus, whats that to thee? the horses name
Was Pegasus.
Gel. Yes, I remember't well.
What was his name saidst thou?
Pseud. Pegasus:
What if I know where Pegasus is fedde
With oates and hay?
Gel. O witte worthy of immortalitie!
Pseud. One word's enough for a wise man:
Thou, mounted vppon Pegasus, shalt fly;
The shippe shall carry mee.
Lach. Let eache man take his place.
Stil. A place is a superficies concaue.
Speus. Or convexe of a body ambient.
Her. True, if it bee considered entitatiuely, not formally.—
Before I leaue, Ile make these termes threedbare:
Now, as I liue, they cost mee twenty pounds. [*Aside.*
Eut. Some one bring water: these philosophers
Washt not their vncleane hands this day.
Stil. A litle inke adhæres in the superficies of my nayle.
Speus. I writte the state of a quæstion this day,—whether the heauens bee made of stones.
Stil. It is made of stones stoned, not stoning.
Dem. O Jupiter, hee speakes solœcismes!
Phil. Where is thy master?
Lach. Heele bee here anon:
In the meane time sitte downe.
Gel. Philargurus,
Thy hoary haires deserue the highest place.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O happy mee, equall to Joue himselfe!
I going touche the starres. Breake out, O joy,
And smother not thyselfe within my breast!
Soe many friends, so many friends I see;

Not one hathe falsifi'de his faith to mee.
What, if I am opprest with pouertie?
And griefe doth vexe mee? fortune left mee poore?
All this is nothing: they releeue my wants;
The one doth promise helpe, another golde,
A thirde a friendly welcome to his house
And entertainement; eache man actes his parte;
All promise counsaile and a faithfull hearte.
Gel. Timon, thou art forgettefull of thy feast.
Tim. Why doe yee not fall too? I am at home:
Ile standing suppe, or walking, if I please.—
Laches, bring here the artichokes with speede.—
Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
I'le drinke this cuppe, a healthe to all your healths!
Lach. Conuerte it into poison, O yee gods!
Let it bee ratsbane to them! [*Aside.*
Gel. What, wilt thou haue the legge or els the winge?
Eut. Carue yee that capon.
Dem. I will cutte him vp,
And make a beaste of him.
Phil. Timon, this healthe to thee.
Tim. Ile pledge you, sir.
These artichokes do noe mans pallat please.
Dem. I loue them well, by Joue.
Tim. Here, take them, then!
[*Stones painted like to them; and throwes them at them.*
Nay, thou shalt haue them, thou and all of yee!
Yee wicked, base, perfidious rascalls,
Thinke yee my hate's soe soone extinguishéd?
[TIMON *beates* HERM. *aboue all the reste.*
Dem. O my heade!
Her. O my cheekes!
Phil. Is this a feaste!
Gel. Truly, a stony one.
Stil. Stones sublunary haue the same matter with the heauenly.
Tim. If I Joues horridde thunderbolte did holde
Within my hande, thus, thus would I darte it!
[*Hee hitts* HERM.
Her. Woe and alas, my braines are dashed out!
Gel. Alas, alas, twill neuer bee my happe
To trauaile now to the Antipodes!
Ah, that I had my Pegasus but here!
I'de fly away, by Joue. [*Exeunt all except* TIM. *and* LACH.
Tim. Yee are a stony generation,
Or harder, if ought harder may bee founde;

Monsters of Scythia inhospitall,
Nay, very diuells, hatefull to the gods.
Lach. Master, they are gone.
Tim. The plague goe with them;
And whatsoe're the horridde sounding sea
Or earthe produces, whatsoe're accursed
Lurks in the house of silent Erebus,
Let it, O, let it all sprawle forth here! here,
Cocytus, flowe, and yee blacke foords of Styx!
Here barke thou, Cerberus! and here, yee troopes
Of cursed Furies, shake your firy brands!
Earth's worse than hell: let hell chaunge place with earth,
And Plutoes regiment bee next the sunne!
Lach. Will this thy fury neuer be appeas'd?
Tim. Neuer, neuer it; it will burne for euer:
It pleases mee to hate. Goe, Timon, goe,
Banishe thyselfe from mans society;
Farther than hell fly this inhumane city:
If there bee any exile to bee had,
There will I hide my heade. [*Exit.*
Lach. Ile follow thee through sword, through fire, and deathe;
If thou goe to the ghosts, Ile bee thy page,
And lacky thee to the pale house of hell:
Thy misery shall make my faith excell. [*Exit.*

ACT V., SCENE I.

GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DÆMEAS, EUTRAPELUS, PÆDIO.

[Gelasimus, booted and spurred for his ride on Pegasus to the Antipodes, is fooled by Pseudodocheus with instructions about his route.]

SCENE II.

Enter TIMON *and* LACHES *with* 3 *spades in their hands.*

Tim. Begone, I saye: why dost thou follow me?
Why art thou yett soe instant?

Lach. Faith commaunds.
Tim. Faith ! what is faith ? where doth shee hide her head,
Vnder the rise or setting of the sunn ?
Name thou the place.
Lach. Here, in this brest.
Tim. Thou liest.
There is noe faith ; tis but an idle name,
A shaddowe, or nearer vnto nothing,
If any thinge.
Lach. Lett me but followe thee.
Tim. If thou wilt follow me, then chainge thy shape
Into a Hydra that's in Lerna bred,
Or some strainge monster hatcht in Affrica ;
Bee what thou art not, I will hugg thee then :
This former face I hate, detest, and flye.
Lach. What is the reason thou dost hate me thus ?
Is this the recompence for all my paynes ?
[*He discouers himselfe.*
Thou heretofore did'st turne me forth of dores,
When I did giue thee true and good advice :
Doth the same fury now possesse thye mynd ?
What wickednesse doth make me soe abhor'd ?
Tim. Thou art a man, that's wickednesse enough ;
I hate that fault ; I hate all humane kinde,
I hate myselfe, and curse my parents ghosts.
Lach. Doth greife and rage thus ouerflowe theire bancks ?
When will they ebbe !
Tim. Thou sooner shalt vnite
Water to ffyre, heau'n to hell, darke to light :
My mynd is constant with a burning hate,
And knowes [not] how to chainge. Forsake me, then :
I thee desire my ffoe, and not my mate.
Lach. Thinck mee thy foe, soe that thou suffer me
To be thy mate : noe hardnes I'le refuse ;
If thou commaund, my parents I'le despise,
Thou so commaunding, will them euer hate.
Tim. Thou hast prevayléd, be thou then my mate ;
But thou must suffer me to hate thee still :
Touch not our hand ; and exercise thie spade
In the remotest parte of all the ground.
O Joue that darts't thy piercing thunderboults,
Lett a dire comett with his blazing streames
Threaten a deadly plauge from heau'n on earth !
Lach. Lett seas of bloudshedd ouerflow the earth !
Tim. Men, woemen, children perish by the sword !
Lach. Lett ffunerall follow funerall, and noe parte

Of this world ruyne want!
Tim. Lett greife teeme greife,
And lett it be a punishment to lyue!
Lach. Lett harvest cease!
Tim. Lett riuers all wax drye,
The hunger-pynéd parent eate the sonne!
Lach. The sonne the parent!
Tim. All plauges fall on this generacion,
And neuer cease! Heare me, O, heare me, Joue!
Ἐμεῖο ζῶντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί,
Lett Atlas burthen from his shoulders slide,
And the whole ffabrick of the heauens fall downe!
While Timon lyues, yea, now while Timon prayes,
Returne, O earth, into thy former chaos!
Lett neuer sunn shyne to the world againe,
Or Luna with her brothers borrow'd light!
Lett Timon see all theis things come to passe!
Such a reuenge best fitts such wickednesse.
[TIMON *diggs at one end of the stage, and* LACHES *at the other.*

SCENE III.

Enter GELASIMUS *booted and spurd, with a watch in one hand and a riding rodd in th'other.*

Gel. Hee bad me should expect my Pegasus
In theis same feilds; I wounder hee's not come.—
Sirrah, thou digger, did'st thou see this day
A wynged horse here?
Tim. Thee, Joue confound thee,
Who e're thou art! hell swallow thee aliue,
And be tormented there among the sprites!
Gel. What ['s] this? vse rusticks thus to rage and curse?
I'le aske this other man.—All hayle, good man.
Lach. I will not; I had rather be sick than be the healthier for thy salutacion. I beseech Joue that some euill end may betyde!
Gel. Now, as I liue, this thinge is very strainge:
Perchaunce theis men haue stolne away my horse.
Ile aske one question more.—
Leades this way to Pyræum, I pray you?
Tim. This way leade thee to the gallowes!
[*He throwes dust on him.*

Gel. O, most base deede, to dusty my new cloathes!
By Joue, by Joue, I'de sue thee at the lawe,
If I went not to the Antipodes.

Enter PÆDIO, *with a cappe made with asses eares.*

Pæd. Where shall I fynd my master?
Gel. What's the newes? speake; here I am.
Pæd. Pseudocheus is shippt and gone to sea,
And sent to thee this guift. [*Deliuers him the capp.*
Gel. Oh, oh, my gould!
My Pegasus, my gould, my Pegasus!
What shall I doe? which shall I first lament?
[*He putts the capp on.*
Tim. What sweete content delighteth thus my eares?
Noe harmony's soe sweete as humane teares.
Water thye cheekes, and lett thyne eyes gush out
Whole seas of teares: weepe, sigh, mourne, and complaine.
What, art thou wretched, and desirest to dye?
Ile tell thee where are wild beasts, where's the sea,
Where's a steepe place vpon a stony rock
Thats scytuated on a mountaine high,
And vnderneath the roaring sea doth swell:
Wilt thou goe thither? drowne thyselfe from thence?
Ile be thy guide, and helpe thee at a push,
And when thou fall'st into the lowest hell,
I will rejoyce. What say'st thou, wilt thou dye?
Gel. I am already dead.
Tim. Thee therefore will I on theis shoulders beare;
Thy graue is made.
[*He offers to bury him in the earth he had digged.*
Gel. O, suffer me a while
To walke like to a shaddowe on the earth!
Or, yf thou be soe pleased, Ile digg with thee.
Tim. Put of theis asses eares. [*He giues him a spade.*
Gel. Theis were the true armes of my graundfather.
[*He puts of his cap*
Tim. Soe maist thou wander as a laughing stock
Throughout the cittie, and be made a scoffe,
A noted fable to the laughing people!
A fit reward for this thy foolishnes.
Gel. Nothing greiues me so much as that I may not marry the daughter of the kinge of the Antipodes.
Tim. Follow your asses function, bend downe thy back;
Thou shalt haue some flynt stones for thy paynes.

Gel. I am very patient. O, where haue you putt my owne proper heade? I would not loose it willinglie.

Pæd. Master, I tooke you for an Athenian; I see now thou art become an Arcadian. Other busynes calls me hence; I pray you, gyue me leaue to leaue you.

Gel. Yf my acquaintance meete thee by the waye,
Tell them that Pegasus gaue me a fall. [*Exit* PÆDIO.

Tim. Againe with this my spade Ile wound the earth.
[*He diggs.*
Why do'st not gape, and open thy wide chincks?
Spew out thy vapours, and a blustring noyse
Of winds breake forth thy adoperted denns?
Whats this? I am amaz'd! what doe I see?
[*He fynds gould.*
Sp[l]endour of gould reflects vpon myne eyes:
Is Cynthia tralucent in the darke?
Where shall I turne myne eyes? What, shall I hide
My new found treasure vnderneath the earth,
Or shall I drowne it in the ocean?
Though all the world loue thee, Timon hates thee:
Ile drowne thee in the seas profunditie.
[*He offers to goe drowne it.*

Lach. Stay, master, stay; where runn you headlong thus?

Tim. To drowne the ruyne of the world and me.

Lach. The gods would haue thee to be fortunate.

Tim. Figge for the gods! I wilbe miserable.

Lach. Wilt thou be wretched of thy owne accord?

Tim. Vnder bright gould lurks wretched miserie;
I speake it by experience.

Lach. Vnder bright gould publique reuenge doth lurke:
Keep it, yf you are wise, keepe it, I saye;
Thus maist thou be reueng'd of thy false friends,
Exterminating them owt of thie dores.

Tim. Thou hast prevayled, Laches.
Farr from the cittie is a desart place,
Where the thick shaddowes of the cypresse trees
Obscure the daye light, and madge howlett whoopes:
That as a place Ile chuse for my repose.
Lett that day be vnfortunate wherein
I see a man! thee alsoe will I flye,
As ffearefull of thee.

Lach. I will followe thee.

Tim. Thy loue doth vex me: Timon hates all men,
Yea, I detest them with a deadlie hate;
Neither the gods themselues doe I affect.
[*Exeunt* TIM. *and* LACH.

Gel. O, yee good people, what will become of me?
My land is sould, and all my gould is fledd,
And nothing left me but this asses heade.
O Pseudodocheus, worst of travailers,
Hast thou thus cheated thy Gelasimus?
Is this the wedding thou didst promise me?
Is this my Pegasus? I am vndone;
A noble gentleman of the Goulden Hill,
The only propp and piller of his howse,
Gelasimus by name, is quite vndone.
Graunt me, O Fortune, graunt me one request,
And tell me whether thou wilt, yea or noe!
Fyve or six talents poure downe suddenlie
Into my hands, or hayle them on my heade!
What sayst thou? art thou deafe as thou art blinde?
Timon pul'd gould out from the earthes close iawes:
What yf I alsoe digg? Come hither, spade;
Digg out some gould, good spade.

SCENE IV.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS.

Her. The ayre is temperate; lets walke awhile in theis ffeilds.

Gel. What company is this? Ile putt on this my proper head againe least they knowe me. [*Aside.*

Stil. Aristotle in his Meteorologickes, and the xv^teene^ page as I remember, defendeth παραδοξ et ἀτροπος.

Her. Neither canst thou disproue him, ffor the Lord Paradox and the Lord Atropos perchaunce were Aristotles freinds. Why walkes Speusippus soe?

Stil. Hee is a peripatetick.

Speus. Ile defend Aristotle to the death, yea, Ile sweare punctually to all hee writes.

Stil. Sweare thy hart out, Ile saye againe and againe that Aristotle was a blockhead; besides his beard, he had not one hayre of learning.

Speus. Stirr not vp my choller.

Stil. I defyne a peripateticke: a peripatetick is a two legd liuing creature, gressible, vnfeathered, of an vnshorne heade, a writhled beard, beetle browed, of a shallowe witt.

Speus. Ile not endure this disgrace.

Stil. What wilt thou do? wilt thou fight, peripatetick?

Speus. A man may fight 2. manner of wayes, either *eminus* with his tounge, or *cominus* with his hands: Ile fight with the[e] *eminus* with my tongue. A peripatetick is not rightly defined; goe!

Her. O Joue immortall, what spectacle see I! [GELAS *sings.* A prodigie, a prodigie! an asse sings.

Stil. The worke of nature is either ordinary, or extraordinary! this is an extraordinary asse.

Her. Soe the gods loue [me], what fayre ears hath he!

Speus. As well according to the longitude as latitude.

Her. Heare, thou asse; who hyred thee to digg this ground?

Gel. My master.

Her. Who'es thy master?

Gel. Hee that hyred me.

Her. Art not thou an asse?

Gel. Do'st thinck me such an asse as to confesse my self an asse?

Her. By Joue, who could haue made a wyser answeare?

Stil. Except me and Plato, and noe man could.

Speus. Hee's an asse materially, not formally.

Stil. Or partiallie, not totallie.

Speus. I'le resolue it in one word; hee's an asse logically and capitally, not phisikallie and animallie.

Gel. Philosophers, I will decide this controuersy. Yee say that I am an asse.

Stil. Wee say not soe absolutely, but according to some transcendentall respect.

Speus. Haue yee the state of the question in brevitie thus. We say thou art an asse transcendentallie, not prædicamentally, that is (to expresse my selfe) reason not reasoning, but reasoned.

Gel. Well, wincke awhile, and yee shall see a wounderfull metamorphosis.

[*While their eyes are shut he puts the cappe on* STILPO'S *head.*

Her. This philosopher is chainged into an asse.

Stil. A chainge is made either essentially or accidentallie; I am made an asse accidentallie.

Her. Art not thou in the ayre, Gelasimus?
Where's Pegasus, wherevpon thou mounted.
Booted and spur'd, fled'st to the Antipodes?

Gel. The skittish iade threw me from out the clouds
Downe headlong on the earth.

Her. O cruell fate!

Gel. Soe it did please my euill spiritt: but
Buy, yf thou please, my bootes and gilded spurrs;
Ile henceforth goe a foote.

Her. What company comes hitherwards?
[TIMON, PHIL., CALL., BLAT., EUTR., DEM., *and* LACH. *passing ouer the stage.*
Gel. Timon hath found a mightie heape of gould:
See, see how many clyents follow him!
Her. Come, lett vs alsoe in among the rest;
Perchaunce wee shall obteyne our former grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter TIMON, PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE, GELASIMUS, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS, LACHES, STILPO, *and* SPEUSIPPUS.

Tim. What company is this that followes mee?
What would yee haue?
Lach. They follow thee as crowes doe carrion.
Call. My Timon, why turn'st thou away thye face?
I loue thee better then myne eyes or soule:
Do'st thou dispise my loue?
Tim. Thou can'st not wynn me with thy flattering tounge:
Peace, peace, thou queane! I sooner will receave
Megæra to my bedd, a hissing snake
Into my bosome.
Phil. Timon, good Timon, be not soe perverse;
Drowne all things that are past in Lethes ffloud:
I willinglie gyue thee my Calimele
To be thye wyfe.
Tim. Giue her to Cerberus,
Or to the Furies, to be tost in hell.
Blat. Timon, behould that face, how fayre it is;
A dainty girle, neate and compleate throughout;
Now, verylie, thou hast a stony hart,
If that face moue thee not: hould; embrace her,
Fasten sweete kisses on her cherry lips.
What, yf shee caste thee of? the falling out
Of louers doth renewe and strengthen loue:
Soe, when I was a girle, I did reiect
Those woers whome I lou'd most heartely.
Tim. Why vrge yee me? my hart doth boyle with hate,
And will not stoope to any of your lures:

A burnt childe dreads the ffyre.
Call. My honey, at the last be reconcild;
Bee not soe angry: sweete loue, be merry.
Blat. Hee hath a face like one's that is at c—k,
Hee lookes soe sowerlie.
Tim. Is it this gould that doth allure your eyes?
Phil. Now, as I liue, 'tis very glorious;
How like to fyre it shynes!
Her. It b[l]yndes my eyes.
Tim. Art thou in loue with this gould, Callimele?
Thou, then, shalt marry it, kisse it sweetelie;
And it shall lye with thee in bedd.
Cal. Ile not refuse what Timon doth commaund:
It shall lodge with me, yf you please.
Lach. If gould
Gett children of thee, who shall father them?
Phil. Ile take a course for that; it shalbe gelt.
Lach. Master, good master, part not with that gould.
Phil. Timon, wilt thou dine at my house this day?
Lach. Hee baites his hooke to gaine some of thy golde;
I know this fellowes crafty pollicy.
Tim. Philargurus, doth this golde please your eies?
Phil. O my delight, my humor radicall,
My healthe, thou art farre brighter than the sunne!
My youth returnes, my bearde doth budde afreshe,
When I beholde thee, my felicity:
Let mee embrace thee and kisse the[e] awhile.
Lach. Tis vertue to abstaine from pleasing thinges:
Abstaine, good olde man; doe your fingers itche?
Tim. Thou yesterday thy daughter didst commaunde
To parte from mee, and to forsake my side;
I was a begger worse than any dogge.
Her. Worse than a snake, than the diuell himselfe;
O base and most abhominable olde man,
Durst hee abuse braue generous Timon?
Phil. I was a dotarde, and a lier too,
When I soe saide: thou art another Joue.
Eut. Away, thou mony-monging cormorant!
Thou art not worthy to see Timons face.
Her. No, nor to wipe his shoes; away, stinkarde!
Blat. Thou wicked knaue, Ile scratche out both thine eies,
If thou provoke my master with such words.
Tim. Yee crowes, ye vultures, yee doe gape in vaine:
I will make duckes and drakes with this my golde;
Ile scatter it and sowe it in the streetes,
Before your fingers touch a piece thereof.

Her. O sweetest Timon, let mee kisse thy feete!
So loue mee Joue, I'me gladde to see thee well:
I am your seruante; what is't you commaunde?
Impose that burthen that doth trouble thee
Vppon my shoulders.

Lach. O most noble fidler,
A fidle is a fitter fardle for thy backe!

Eut. Tauernes want takings, and vintners doe breake,
Now thou absentst thyselfe: forsake the woods,
Frequente the citie; weele be iouiall,
Play the good fellowes.

Tim. O faithfull friendes, in all my miseries
What whirlewinde tooke yee all away from mee?

Her. Ile followe thee through fire to finde thee out,
To doe my Timon good.

Tim. I know thy faith,
Thy hollow heart how full of holes it is.

Eut. Thou alsoe well dost knowe my faithfullnesse:
I hate these double hollow hearted men,
Whose tongues and hearts consent not both in one.

Lach. Another Pylades!

Gel. Timon, beholde mee alsoe; I am one
Of your retinue.

Enter DEMEAS.

Dem. Giue mee free passage; yee knowen and vnknowen persons, gette yee out of my way, least, as I goe, I offende any with my heade, my elbow, or my breaste.

Lach. Vnlesse thy hornes offende, I nothing feare.

Dem. Wher's Athens piller? wher's my glory? wher's Timon? Thou hast blest myne eyes, now I see thee. Joue saue thee, who art the defence of Greece, and the whole worlds delight! the court and countrey both salute thee.

Lach. Thye eyes are purblynd; dost thou know this man?

Dem. Dost thinck me of soe weake a memory?—Heare, my humane Jup[iter], the decree that I haue written concerning thee before the Areopig[ites].

[*He takes a paper out of his pocket, and reads.*]

Whereas Timon, the sonne of Echeratides the Colitensian, a champion and a wrestler, was in one day victor of both in the Olympick games—

Tim. But I as yett neere saw th' Olympick games.

Dem. What of that? that makes noe matter; thou shalt see them hereafter.

Tim. I neere as yett bore armes out of Athens.

Dem. But thou shalt in the next warr,—*for theis causes it*

seemes good to the court and the commonwealth, to the magistrates seuerallie, to the plebeians singularlie, to all vniuersallie, to place Timon in Pallas Temple, houlding a goulden thunderbolt in his hand. Demeas spake this suffragie because he was Timons disciple, for Timon is alsoe easily the prince of rhetorick; in my orations I vse to vse his metaphores.

Her. Peace, oratour; wee alsoe ought to speake.

Dem. Would I had brought my litle sonne with me, whome I haue called Timon after thy name.

Tim. How canst thou? for thy wyfe had neuer a child.

Dem. But shee shall haue, and that shalbe borne shalbe a man child, and that man child shalbe named Timon.

Tim. Well hast thou said. Dissembling hypocrites,
Thinke yee that I will be deceauéd thus?

Call. My Timon, my husband!

Phil. My sonne in lawe!

Her. My Mæcenas!

Eut. My protector!

Dem. My sublunary Jupiter!

Lach. Thou asse, why braist thou not among the reste?

Gel. Seest thou me not a woing of this maide
Of 80 yeares?—What say you, my Blatte?
Art thou inflam'd with thy Gelasimus?
If thou wilt haue mee, Ile not seeke a wife
Mong the Antipodes: what saies my chicke,
My loue?—Sweete Timon, giue thy asse some golde,
To buy some toy for this olde pretty maide.

Stil. Plato in his Acrostikes saith, it is better to giue than receaue.

Spe. Neither doth Aristotle dissent from Plato in his first of the Metaphysicks, the last text saue one.

Stil. Euery agent doth resuffer in his action. Wilt thou giue? so thou shalt receaue: wilt thou receaue? then giue. This therefore is the state of the quæstion: Timon is the terminus from whom; I the philosopher the terminus to whom; Timons hande is the medium, which mediating first from himselfe generating, then by remouing the impediment, gold is moued with a motion vniformally from Timon to mee in an instant.

Tim. Why vexe yee mee, yee Furies? I protest,
And all the gods to witnesse inuocate,
I doe abhorre the titles of a friende,
Of father, or companion. I curse
The ayre yee breathe: I lothe to breathe that aire;
I grieuve that these mine eyes should see that sunne,
My feete treade on that earthe yee treade vpon.

I first will meete Joue thundring in the clouds,
Or in the wide deuouring Scylla's gulfe
Or in Charybdis I will drowne myselfe,
Before Ile shew humanity to man.
[*He beates them with his spade.*
Lach. Master, wilt thou that I driue them away?
See how well arm'd I am!
Tim. Driue them to hell,
That Timons eies may neuer see them more.
Phil. O Timon, * * * * *
To be thus handled.
Her. Why dost thou * * *
Dem. Oh, wilt thou driue away thy orator?
Haue I not a decree concerning thee?
Lach. I am your driuer; hoi, gee, hence, away!—
What, stand yee idle, my foolcosophers?—
Thou fidler, play the hunts vp on thy fidle;
Dost thou not see how they beginne to daunce?
Gel. Sweete Timon,
Breake thou my heade with one small piece of gold.
[*Laches strikes him.*
Oh, ho.
Lach. Get yee before mee, then;—bee gone, I say:
Thus I will follow [to] Athenes [Away].
[*Exeunt omnes except* TIMON.

TIMON. *Epilogue.*

I now am left alone: this rascall route
Hath left my side. What's this? I feele throughout
A sodeine change: my fury doth abate,
My hearte growes milde, and laies aside its hate.
Ile not affecte newe titles in my minde
Or yet bee call'd the hater of mankinde:
Timon doffs Timon, and with bended knee
Thus craues a fauour,—if our comedie
And merry scene deserue a plaudite,
Let louing hands, loude sounding in the ayre,
Cause Timon to the citty to repaire.